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## THE ENGLISH IN AUTUMN.

It is a favourite opinion of ours that a journalist ought to give due attention to topics which involve the wellbeing of society, and yet are not strictly political. How they get on in Madrid—what the Croats are doing—are very proper subjects at times; and we all have our own opinions as to whether Lord Palmerston is a better man than Lord John, or whether Lord Aberdeen bungled the negotiations before the war;—but what a vast portion of the life of all of us depends for its enjoyment and its welfare on circumstances quite uninfluenced by such matters! And what miserable men we should be if this were not the case! So true is it, that many people hold with old Johnson, that it does not much matter what government you live under, so that your private life is all right. Without going so far, we certainly believe that it would be well if people would occasionally talk about what can be done *without* an Act of Parliament, instead of suggesting new ones. We cannot get Acts of Parliament, it would seem, whether we want them or no; but there is a great deal of good to be done without the aid of statute law, and good as important as can be achieved by means of it.

We have observed with pleasure (holding these opinions, as we do) that the social life of England—its changes and developments—are more discussed in newspapers than they used to be. Here is autumn coming on, for instance—the time of travel, and holidays, and excursions—the time when, if a town does not take care of its health, it is liable to cholera—the time when many rich people go back to their country places, and exercise an important influence over their neighbourhood. At such a time, a sensible man might ask himself what he can do in his private capacity, now that he has done so little in his parliamentary one? We have an answer for him. But apart from your potentate, very ordinary people can do something for the public good, and the tens of thousands of the prosperous classes generally have it in their power—in the absence of political activity—to employ some spare time, during the next two or three months, in benefiting the masses.

It seems natural to say something of the increased travelling of our countrymen. It is affecting our tone of thought as much as our manners, and "history" is made up of such influences. Now, of the good of travel on culture and so forth, nothing needs be said—it is a commonplace; but there are other effects of it not so satisfactory. On many people one effect is a kind of political degradation. They come home—say from Italy—in love with the despots; and for a very natural reason. A man travelling for a holiday views everything from that point of view, and is indignant with an obstacle to the diligence caused by a revolution. Of the people he really sees very little, and he judges of them from the hangers-on of theatres and hotels;—for we are a "colonising" nation; and wherever we go, even as visitors, we establish a Little Britain. There is one at Florence and one at Rome. At Malta, we never associate with the native families; and if we go to Greece or Egypt, we see mankind there through the medium of a dragoman. We are speaking, of course, of the common wandering herd—those who scatter money all over the world broadcast, and who make everything dear to their countrymen who may be travelling for information and observation. It has become a perfect nuisance this now. Fellows who know no more of the country they are passing through than their valets do, go gaping over Europe, spending money which would have fallen like the dew of heaven on their native Pleb-Biddlecum. They come home unfit for dull life in Essex or Berkshire, and talk of Radetzky as a "fine old fellow;" nay, we have heard Bomba vindicated at dessert for his "vigour"—that is, for firing cannon-balls at his people, which is a feat within reach of the intellect of an idiot,—just as it could only come from the heart of a miscreant. Such a traveller soon acquires the regular *nil admirari* tone,—that said cosmopolitan languor, by the way, being the invariable forerunner of national decay of spirit, and one of the worst symptoms of the most degraded kingdoms of Europe.

The fact is, that travel is properly a part of culture, as our ancestors thought it; and if nobody travelled who was not as fit for it

as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or Sir Henry Wotton, or Milton, there would be nothing to complain of. But we are speaking of ordinary travel. Is it the wish to see historic objects that the migratory Fitz-Tomkyn feels? Pooh, pooh! He does not care for historic objects at home. *Celum non animum*, &c. If a man does not care for Westminster Abbey, how should he care for an abbey built by strangers? If he does not care for the tomb of Edward the First, what is it to him where lies Charlemagne? Why should he go to see the ruins of Cicero's villa, if he never reads the man himself, who is extant for our delectation? Besides, the mischief further is, that he loses all sense of the traditions of his own country, without which there can be no true patriotism. Of the money spent it is unnecessary to speak; but where do we hear of such wonderful charitable legacies as those which have come down to us from old times in such numbers, that to study their abuses is a task of itself?

*Apropos* of this point, we hope our potentates mean this autumn to imitate the example of Tennyson's Sir Walter Vivian, and occasionally give the people a holiday among their pictures or under their trees. Passing over the ordinary and obvious advantages of such acts, they have a good instructive influence. A fine old place is a bit of history, just as a Gothic church (according to Coleridge) is "a petrified religion." What, then, is its effect on the popular mind? So far from exciting mean feelings of envy and antagonism (as those who are not worthy to understand the people, no doubt, believe), the spectacle of old towers and Vandykes produces that reverence for the past, which is the best foundation of social stability. Legislation only affects men distantly; but personal kindness "comes home" to their "business and bosoms." The landholder, the manufacturer—anybody, in short, who is in the position of superior—should cherish his opportunities of creating kindness as the best of all the gifts of fortune. Indeed, it is the only way now left of securing any social coherence nobler than that of a dog-kennel. Wherever it is tried it does good, no matter by what name you choose to call your trial—Puseyism, Christian Socialism, or any other "ism."



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.



The half-holiday movement—a natural autumnal topic—is a branch of the present subject. Our business arrangements are not so favourable to the cultivation or amusement of working people as they might be. Everything is organised so as to make the work a more important thing than the man who does the work:—

"Tis the day of the chaffel,  
Web to weave and corn to grind;  
Tis the day in the saddle,  
And ride mankind."

as Emerson quaintly puts it. But we must give up this idolatry, which reminds one of the Hindoo's worship of his tools. If the day of paying wages requires to be changed, why not let it be changed? The half-holiday itself could not be better spent by the inhabitants of towns at this time of the year, than in visits to the country. It has often been observed that a love of scenery is peculiarly an English feeling,—whence so many descriptions of it in our national poets. Our old square gardens in London are relics of the country, which we have caught and saved, to refresh us with their glimpses of green. London has indeed—as we once heard Thomas Carlyle say—"an epic grandeur" about it; but too much of it is apt to produce Cockneyism, which may be defined as narrowness of soul in puniness of body. The old Londoners constantly escaped from the houses, either into the suburbs or on to the river; we can escape more easily, into deeper rurality, by the rail. "Excursions" are, to our mind, pleasanter spectacles than your simious satirist would admit. The citizen breaks loose—not into debauchery, but into a gaiety which is more usually associated with life farther south. Indeed, drunkenness is as much the creation of confinement as of anything else. The prosperous classes do not drink deep now, because there are greater varieties of excitement open to them. The way to regulate the passions is to take the strain off, by diverting it into another channel. Preaching is all very well, but amusement is a necessity of man's nature, and, when repressed, is apt to find a worse substitute. No life would seem, at first sight, more confined than that of a sailor, yet the great body of sailors are cheerful, because amusement enters as a regular feature into their life.

As the social influences which we are advocating could scarcely be represented by an Act of Parliament, so we cannot be expected to treat them as definitely as if they were of a more strictly "business" character. Their very nature makes them dependent on individual effort. They must be carried out by good nature on the part of the great, and liberality on the part of the rich, to be met in a proper spirit by the many who are dependent on these. It may be a long time before classes in England get into a happier relation with each other, but some change is inevitable; and if it is not for the better, it will be for the worse.

#### THE QUEEN'S PALACE AT MADRID.

We have it on authority, which, it appears, is not to be questioned, that after the celebrated council of ministers was held, at which Espartero presented his resignation to the Queen of Spain, the veteran Marshal happened to meet the somewhat unscrupulous adventurer who had just taken the liberty of displacing him by stratagem so unjustifiable. "I fully expected all this," remarked Espartero. "So did I," was the reply. "Some day a fearful responsibility will be exacted of you for what has occurred," said Espartero. "It is you," answered O'Donnell, "who are responsible for what has taken place for the last two years. Now that I have the upper hand, I will and shall conquer, or I will lay Madrid in ruins, and if I am driven to extremity I will carry off the Queen by force, if necessary, and deposit her in a place of safety." The scene where this interesting meeting took place was no less celebrated a locality than the grand staircase of the Palace Royal at Madrid. The intrigues, the plots, the conspiracies, which have recently caused an insurrection in the Spanish capital and spread revolt throughout the provinces have attracted so much attention to this regal residence, that the engraving on another page can hardly fail to prove interesting to our readers.

An edifice of white stone, on an elevated situation, represented as glittering in the sun like a pile of marble, and in the moonlight like a mountain of snow; such is the exterior of that royal residence, where dark intrigues against constitutional freedom have been carried on for months; where councils of which the issue had been pre-arranged have been held at midnight; where ministers whose lease of power appeared secure, have been supplanted by those to whom they had been benefactors, and dismissed at the word of a shameless woman; and where rival politicians have shown their capacity for affairs by slapping the faces of each other in the presence of royalty. When we read of political transactions so little in accordance with the notions entertained by Englishmen of public affairs, the fancy naturally conjures up the palace at Madrid, shrouded in an impenetrable veil of mystery.

The palace of Madrid does not, like the Escorial, owe its origin to the grand days of the Spanish monarchy; but is intimately associated with the history of those Spanish Bourbons, whose blood is charitably supposed to flow in the veins of Isabella the Second. It is now rather more than a century and a half since the last king of the house of Austria, who reigned over Spain and the Indies, bequeathed his kingdom to Philip, a grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, and since the Grand Monarch, with a flagrant disregard of treaties, accompanied his grandson to the frontiers, and with the words, "the Pyrenees exist no longer," sent him to take possession of his splendid legacy.

The War of the Succession having terminated in Philip's favour, his throne having been established by the Spanish peasantry, and a fire having desolated the site of the Alcazar of the Moors, he bethought him of building a palace to rival Versailles, and appointed a distinguished Sicilian architect to execute the project. But even Philip the Fifth could not do quite as he wished. The ruler of an empire, on which it was said the sun never set, was ruled by a spouse. Elizabeth Farnese, his second wife, had concentrated her ambition on one single object—that of finding thrones for her children; and she could not quite see how erecting a rival to Versailles would forward her views; so the Sicilian architect, thwarted in every way, died of grief; and after his death a native of Turin took his place, and a plan much less expensive than that of the Sicilian architect was adopted.

Nevertheless, the Palace of Madrid was completed; and soon its enormous exterior and chief saloon, the reception-room of the Kings of Spain, magnificently decorated with crimson velvet and gold, its chandeliers manufactured at St. Ildefonso, and its tables formed of the finest Spanish marble, impressed strangers with the idea that it was one of the grandest and most sumptuous in Europe. Strange scenes it was destined to witness.

When time passed on, and when the French Revolution broke out, the great event found the Spanish king, Charles IV., under the sway of Godoy, whom a criminal affection on the part of the Queen had elevated from a private in the Palace Guard to the position of first Minister of Spain. Ferdinand, the son and heir of Charles, not relishing this state of affairs, kicked up a row, deposed his father, and threw himself upon the Emperor Napoleon. He was just the man to settle such an affair. Murat was sent with an army across the Pyrenees, and the members of the Royal family of Spain were summoned to meet Napoleon at Bayonne. Thither they went, and if all stories about them are true, enacted a scene such as has seldom disgraced the least responsible and most abandoned families in Christendom. The prodigal rancour of their domestic feuds is said to have reached an almost incredible point; indeed the Queen, whose evidence on the question was somewhat conclusive, went the length of informing her son, in the presence of her Royal husband and the conqueror of Austerlitz, that the King was not his father.

After this, the Palace of Madrid sheltered personages rather more illus-

trious than the Bourbons of Spain. While Ferdinand was a captive at Valençay, the great Napoleon marched to Madrid, ascended its grand staircase, walked through its spacious halls, and exclaimed to his brother with emphasis, that now he had possession of Spain, it should not easily slip from his grasp. When circumstances proved stronger than Napoleon's will, the Duke of Wellington was, after Salamanca, lodged in the palace, and from it he wrote his celebrated despatch, stating how gladly the English had been received by the ancient enemies of their country. But the restoration brought Ferdinand back; a new scene was opened; and the Palace of Madrid was ere long surrounded, with clamours and threats, by the people, who did so much for him and who were so basely deceived.

With Spanish affairs in their present state, it is of course impossible to refrain from asking, "What next?" and people are doing so freely. Some wiseacres propose to solve all difficulties by uniting the two branches of the house of Bourbon by the marriage of the son of Don Juan, the younger brother of the Conde de Montemolin, with the daughter of Queen Isabella. But others doubt if this arrangement is calculated to please political parties in Spain, whose admiration for the doctrines of Carlism would appear to be limited; but at any rate the advocates of the union have ample time to mature their plans, for some ten years must at least elapse before the age of the Princess of the Asturias will permit the celebration of that or any other matrimonial alliance.

But to this there are serious objections. The Spaniards, we are told, are still almost the proudest people in Europe, and their pride is at present shocked with the gallantries of their Queen. Now, no one in all Spain is credulous enough to think—and that is saying a great deal—that Isabella's child is the offspring of the King-Consort, who was specially selected by that arch intriguer, Louis Philippe, for his position. This glaring, unpleasant fact is opening the gaze of the vulgar to what was before so secret to the observant—that it is something more than doubtful if the rulers of Spain for some time back, or their rivals for the crown, have been Bourbons at all. The Queen-Mother, Maria Christina, is generally thought to have been very gay; notoriously so was the mother of the late King Ferdinand. However, present events are suggestive of past parallels, and nobody can well blame the Madrilenos for suspecting that the Bourbons have already ceased, when they see that, if not, they are about to cease. No doubt the Emperor Napoleon is aware that the Spaniards are sore on this point—he, moreover, has a family hatred to the whole Bourbon, or supposed Bourbon race, and he is fond in many ways of imitating his great uncle. The politicians in Paris put all these things together, and suppose that the French Emperor will ere long find an occupant for the Spanish throne who will satisfy the clergy, and the historic recollections of the nation at the same time, in a member of his wife's family, the house of Guzman, of the stock of the great captain, and other paladins of history, and with "the reddest blood" of the old Castilian grandees in his veins.

Meanwhile matters are quiet. Saragossa has capitulated; and the last accounts from Spain state that General Dulce, who had received the fullest powers from the Government, had disbanded all the National Guard of Saragossa, with the exception of a single battalion, as well as eleven battalions of the provincial National Guard of Aragon. General Falcon, it appears, left Saragossa at the moment of the capitulation, and proceeded toward the French frontier. The President of the revolutionary ayuntamiento also fled on the previous night, accompanied by the most deeply compromised members of that body. General Dulce is to take the command of the province.

A despatch from Barcelona, on the 28th, announced at Madrid that all the insurgents who had betaken themselves, after the conflict in that town, to the hills beyond the suburb of Garcia, submitted to General Zapatero on a promise of mild treatment. The Minister of War had written to the General, desiring him to show mercy to the vanquished.

The damage done by the soldiers to private property during the conflict at Madrid was very great. The Duke de Medina Celi has sent in a claim to the amount of two millions and a quarter of francs, on account of the destruction of his pictures and furniture. The Countess of Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugenie, has written to Queen Isabella complaining that her house was plundered and her property destroyed by the royal troops.

Meanwhile, Espartero has maintained such reserve on the affairs of Saragossa, that it is impossible to divine his inmost thoughts upon this head. He has had one more audience of the Queen, the last in all probability he will ever seek, to inform her of his desire to withdraw completely from public affairs. Since then he has left for Logrono. That final interview between the Queen and her fallen Minister would have been almost as curious to witness, as any of those that have taken place in the Palace of Madrid.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

It has been announced in the "Moniteur," that Spain being now pacified, the Emperor has given orders to suspend entirely the movement of French troops towards the frontier.

The Emperor will return to St. Cloud on the 9th inst. A rumour became prevalent last week that the Emperor had suddenly disappeared from Plombières, and nobody knew in what direction he had bent his steps. The solution of the mystery will be that he took a flying visit across the frontier to Arenberg. In this place is the tomb of his mother, Queen Hortense.

On the return of the Emperor from Plombières, the subject of Greece will, it is said, be taken into serious consideration by the English and French Governments.

Marshal Pelissier is the lion of the time. Marseilles and Paris have been, for days past, transformed into permanent Vauxhalls, teeming with triumphal arches and other popular preparations for the fêtes, fireworks, and festivals for the Crimean hero, whom the Emperor delighteth to honour. Deputations from Valence, Avignon, and all the cities which fringe the banks of the Rhône up to Lyons, poured into Marseilles, where the Marshal arrived on Friday week, to beg the conqueror to honour them with a brief stay on his progress homeward, that the hardy peasantry of the South may hold up their children to see the great Marshal who beat the Russians. So should desert in arms be crowned! When Marshal Pelissier landed, all the vessels in the harbour were dressed out, and he came on shore amidst cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" General Roguet, first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, accompanied by the authorities of the department, received the Marshal with great ceremony in the midst of an extraordinary concourse of people, and the troops of the garrison were arranged at each side along the Marshal's passage. And to crown all, on landing at Marseilles, he found a letter there from the Emperor, in which his Majesty announced that he had conferred upon the illustrious Marshal the dignity of duke. It is said, also, that Marshal Pelissier will be appointed Governor-General of Algiers.

The harvest fields of France are reported to be in the most promising condition.

#### SPAIN.

MARSHAL O'DONNELL has addressed to the Captains-General and Military Commandants a circular, in which he enjoins them to send him, before the 15th inst., a detailed report of the political situation of the provinces in which they exercise authority.

#### AUSTRIA.

A LETTER from Vienna says that the Cabinet of Vienna is actively engaged at this moment with the affairs of Naples. Numerous despatches have been exchanged within the last few days between Paris and Vienna. The Cabinet of the Tuilleries has communicated to the Cabinet of Vienna the last note addressed to the Western Powers by the Court of Naples, and has declared that the government of the Emperor Napoleon was in the highest degree dissatisfied with the principles expressed in that document; and, moreover, that it was determined, with the co-operation of England, to constrain the Neapolitan government to give way to the legitimate demands of the Western Powers, Austria could not remain

indifferent to the communication of the French Cabinet, and she continues to represent to the Cabinet of Naples the necessity of giving way to the Western Powers; adding that, in the event of resistance, it must not count on the moral or physical support of Austria. A new note has been drawn up in this sense, and General Marini, ambassador of Austria at Naples, will be charged with its communication to the Court of the Two Sicilies.

The ambassadors of France and England have inquired of Count Buol the position which Austria would take with respect to the occupation of the Isle of Serpents by Russia. It is probable that no decisive step will be come to in this matter before the arrival of the new Russian Ambassador, as M. de Balabine, the actual representative of Russia at Vienna, has not sufficient power to treat on so serious a subject.

Contrary to what had been at first decided on, the Emperor Francis Joseph will be crowned at Vienna as Emperor of Austria. This is the first instance of a single coronation; for the Founder of the Austrian Empire, Francis I., and his successor, the Emperor Ferdinand, were crowned as Kings of Bohemia, Hungary, and Italy. This ceremony will not, however, take place until after the promulgation of the organic statutes for the different countries of the crown.

The Emperor of Austria arrived at Teplitz on the 30th ult. All the houses were decked out with flags and garlands in honour of his arrival. The King of Prussia was also expected at Teplitz that same evening from Marienbad.

#### RUSSIA.

THE Emperor and Empress are at Tsarskoje Lelo, and it is stated positively that the ceremony of the coronation has been adjourned to the 7th of September. Meanwhile the preparations for that solemnity are entirely absorbing public attention in Russia. We have heard much of the splendour to be displayed by the French and English Ambassadors at St. Petersburg, but how sorry a figure does the long list of lords and attachés, tacked on to each, contrast by the side of the Czar's preparations, for the Emperor of Russia, with a view to his coronation, has decided that the effective strength of his private staff shall comprise 91 aides-de-camp, being general officers, and 124 aides-de-camp of his suite. General Count Adlerberg has been named adjutant-general of the Emperor's staff.

The Czar will immediately after his coronation appoint his younger brother, the Grand Duke Michael, to the vice-royalty of Poland, instead of his brother Nicholas, whom he wishes to retain at Court. The marriage of the former with the Princess of Baden is to be first celebrated at Karlsruhe in December, by proxy, after which the Princess will immediately repair to St. Petersburg, where the regular marriage will be solemnised during the Christmas holidays.

Admiral Surcouf, of the Russian navy, has just expired at St. Petersburg from the effects of his wounds. It was this officer who, at the siege of Sebastopol, with Colonel Narew, directed the construction of the bridge of wood, 800 yards long, that crossed the harbour, and enabled the Russian army to evacuate the place after the Malakhoff Tower was carried on the 8th of September.

We learn that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg is making great efforts to regain the preponderating influence it once possessed in the Danubian Principalities—that it spurs no means to accomplish its object and acquire the sympathies of the people. Several more boyards, devoted to Russian interests, have again received decorations and orders; the union of the Principalities is preached up by their agents, and a diminution of the annual tribute is prospectively held out.

Privy Councillor Butenief is entrusted with an extraordinary mission to the Sultan, and is appointed Head of the Resident Embassy at Constantinople.

The Russian Consulates in the Ionian Islands have been re-established. The quarantine is re-established in the Russian ports.

The Anglo-Polish Legion is disbanded.

#### ITALY.

THE authorship of the late abortive movement at Massa Carrara is now very generally attributed to Mazzini. There can be no doubt of the movement having enjoyed Mazzinian protection, though whether it was purely and simply a project of Mazzini is still unproved. A supplement of the Mazzinian organ, the "Italia e Popolo" of Genoa, published on Sunday evening some "intelligence" which is curious as a proof of what the party intended should have occurred. The pretended news is:—"About half-past nine last evening an insurrectionary movement commenced at Massa Carrara, and other points of the Lunigiana. The agitation spread immediately on this side of the frontier, from Sarzana to Spezia, stronger at Lerici, Santeramo, Amelina, &c. Many young men of our country crossed the frontier in support of the insurgents. A conflict is said to have taken place with the Gendarmes, which resulted in the arrest of six or eight of these young men. It appears that an insurrection has also commenced in Tuscany. From Turin the news received of the movement in the Lunigiana had produced great excitement. It is thought probable that a demonstration will be made in that city this evening."

As soon as the news of the attempt in Carrara reached Genoa, the general in command of the division of Genoa caused six cannons to be brought out of the arsenal, and loaded under the eyes of the bystanders. Cartridges were also distributed among the soldiers. The second detachment of the disbanded British Legionaries arrived at this moment from Malta, and a rumour was circulated that they were inclined to make common cause with the Mazzinians. Lest there should be any truth in this, they were at once marched to the Lazaretto, and only allowed to proceed in small parties to the railway station.

A letter from Brescia, in the "Correspondance Italienne" of Turin, says:—"We have scarcely any troops here now. The Austrians themselves accredit the belief that they are going to Parma. Several batteries of artillery have been sent across the Po very lately."

His Neapolitan Majesty, surprising to relate, has allowed the army to present a magnificent sword to General de la Marmora, and the liberals are forming a subscription to give Count Cavour some token of their regard. The King feels great alarm at the growing popularity of Piedmont, in conjunction with the unsettled state of the Austrian dominions.

General Baumgarten is to take the command of the Austrian troops in the duchy of Parma instead of General Count Crenneville.

#### THE EAST.

THAT the Russians have retaken possession of the Isle of Serpents at the mouth of the Danube is fully confirmed. Here we have the first fruits of the Paris Treaty of Peace. This group of little islands is situated only a few miles from Sulina, and if they are allowed to remain in the occupation of Russia, it is all over with the free navigation of the Danube. The Serpents' Isle was ceded with the rest of the Delta to Russia in 1829, without, however, any special mention of it in the Treaty of Adrianople, and reverts in like manner to Turkey by virtue of the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. The one-sided conduct of Russia on this subject requires some explanation, for though they gained possession of it in spite of its not being specially mentioned in the first treaty, they now claim the right of keeping it on the ground of its not being mentioned in the second.

The Porte has forwarded to the various Powers a new *exposé* of the Principalities question. It is drawn up by the Grand Vizier Aali Pacha, and pronounces itself in a decided manner against the union of the Danubian provinces.

The English, Austrian, and French Commissioners are of opinion that Bolgrad should belong to Turkey. Russia protests.

The Russian archives and the attachés of the embassy have arrived at Constantinople.

Said Pacha has handed to M. Benedotti 30,000*fr.* for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

It was rumoured at Constantinople that the Russians had sent 18,000 men into Kars, and that they were restoring the fortifications of that town.

The evacuation of the allied troops will be completed on the 15th of August, and the hospitals will be given up.

The squadron of Admiral Lyons will be stationed partly at Smyrna, partly at the Piræus, and partly on the coast of Syria.

We learn that the head-quarters of the Commander of the Austrian troops in Moldavia were removed from Jassy on the 1st of this month.



and that the evacuation of the two Principalities will very soon be completed.

It is said that the King of Greece will be present at the meeting of the Kings of Prussia and Saxony with the Emperor of Austria at Teplitz, and that the affairs of his kingdom will be discussed on that occasion.

An attempt was made some days ago to assassinate the representative of her Britannic Majesty at Jeddah. Fortunately for this agent he had staying with him on that day an English captain, who perceived the assassin at the moment he was on the point of stabbing the consul, who was sleeping in his saloon. The captain, with the assistance of his host, succeeded in disarming the assassin, who was then handed over to the police.

#### AMERICA.

LARGE mass conventions have been held in the West in favour of Mr. Fremont for President. There has also been a Whig meeting in Boston in favour of the same nominee. There is an attempt at a coalition in Pennsylvania between the friends of Mr. Fillmore and the friends of Mr. Fremont, which may give that State to the Republicans.

The Senate has passed the Fortification Bill, reducing the amount to 1,800,000 dollars.

Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, challenged Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, for language in his speech on the Sumner assault. Mr. Burlingame accepted to fight with rifles in Canada at fifty paces, but Mr. Brooks refused to go there. Mr. Brooks has been arrested. Mr. Burlingame is out of the district.

The news from the Belize is to the 29th ult. Emigrants from the United States were arriving there.

The Government deny that 6,000,000 dollars have been offered to President Comofort for a cession of land in Mexico, but it is supposed that secret instructions have gone out, nevertheless, for a purchase of territory with reference to a railroad to California; the report on this supposed road will be submitted to Congress this week. Walker has no Minister at Washington at present; Rivas is recognised there as the President *de facto* of Nicaragua.

#### CENTRAL AMERICA.

By an arrival from Punta Arenas, we have dates from Costa Rica to the 12th June. A very strong revolution had broken out against the Government, and there appeared a probability that President Morro would be taken out and shot by the insurgents. The revolution has been brought about by a party of the Costa Ricans, who were opposed to the invasion of Nicaragua by the Morro army. A British vessel of war was in port. We learn that the 2,000 troops which left Guatemala to invade Walker had been prevented from crossing the territory of Salvador, the latter State being opposed to the invasion. The impression of our informant is, that Walker purposes making an early attack on Costa Rica, and that he will succeed, having a very strong force at present. His headquarters now is Virgin Bay.

#### MEXICO.

The accounts from Mexico continue to give a disheartening picture of the internal condition of the country. According to extracts from mercantile letters, the extinction of the Republic as an independent State, cannot be long delayed. The writers, however, appear to take a more unfavourable view of the proceedings of the present Government and Congress than would be created by the statements which appear elsewhere. That there is no public disposition to act under American inspirations has been evidenced by Congress having just recommended a new constitution, including among its fundamental articles not merely a prohibition of slavery, but also of everything that may have for its object the surrender of fugitive slaves.

**TRIAL OF THE TURKISH PACHA.**—The fourth sitting of the court took place on the 18th of July. The novelty attached to such a trial gave some degree of interest to the opening proceedings, but it falls off very materially as the affair goes on. The business of the day was opened by the re-examination of Mehemmed Aga, aide-de-camp of Sultan Pacha, but his answers, as on the previous occasions, were nothing more than a string of denial of any knowledge of the affair. When pressed by questions which appeared difficult to answer without implicating himself, he persisted in his former plan of keeping silent. Hussein Vaeli and Mustafa were also again examined, but the questions put to them and their replies were merely a repetition of their former interrogatory, and threw scarcely any fresh light on the subject. It came out from the interrogatory of Vaeli that the murdered girl, when at Toulitcha, did not bear a very high character for morality. The proceedings were again adjourned.

**FREEMASONS IN TURKEY.**—Among "things not generally known" is the fact that there exist Mahometan Freemasons in European Turkey, whose tendency, signs, and other modes of recognition are identical with those of the masons in other countries of Europe. These Bektaschi Dervishes—as they are called in Turkish—were, however, always looked upon by the Porte as a non-recognised religious sect, and the property belonging to the order was therefore confiscated, in consequence of which they have continued ever since to act with great caution, and hold their lodges in secret. Amongst the nine lodges of the order, there happen to be several members of high rank and now enjoying great influence at Constantinople. The Grand Master of the Order in European Turkey is Tzani Ismael Zecholok Mahommed Saide, who resides at Belgrade, and is at the same time master of the lodge of Alkotsch in this city. In consequence of the new order of things in Turkey, and especially in virtue of the lately-published Hatti-Humayoun, which acknowledges the legal existence of all religious creeds and sects, and guarantees the full exercise of their several forms of worship, the above-named Grand Master lately left Belgrade for Constantinople, to endeavour to obtain for the former persecuted Bektaschi Dervishes the formal recognition of the Turkish Government, and if he succeeds he will apply for restitution of the property formerly belonging to the order and confiscated. The religion of the Bektaschi is said to be the most enlightened and liberal form of Mahometanism, with the greatest approach to civilisation and social improvement.

**THE LAST CONTINENTAL INSURRECTION.**—At Naples, a Padre was lately arrested by the "sbirri"—he happened to be popular with the lower orders, and particularly with the female portion, on account of his liberal absolutism of them from their venial transgressions. Thereupon, in the Piazza del Mercato, the very scene of the revolt of Masaniello, they mustered in force and attempted to rescue their favourite and benevolent priest. So resolute was the attack, that the commissary Campagna was obliged to send for a company of soldiers, who succeeded after some trouble in capturing fifteen of the rebellious petticoats. They were subjected the day following to the "colpi di bastone," with its accompanying inconveniences.

**THE GURGEVO OUTRAGE.**—The Commission appointed to try the persons criminated in the late outrage near Gurgevo, where a French soldier was murdered, has sentenced the Austrian Lieutenant Czack to the loss of his commission and five years' imprisonment. The corporal who actually fired the shot will be tried by a higher tribunal, the one that condemned his officer not being competent to pass so severe a sentence as it is expected his crime will be found to deserve.

**THE AUSTRIAN NAVY.**—Austria is making very serious efforts to increase her navy. The first line-of-battle ship (90 guns) which she ever thought of possessing was put on the stocks at Pola a few days back. Two other ships of the line, of the same dimensions, are to be immediately commenced, and urged on as rapidly as possible. Independently of these first-rate vessels, two screw frigates are being terminated in the yards of Moggia, as well as a screw corvette at Venice. To complete these measures, Austria is about to found two maritime arsenals, one at Fiume, and the other at Lussin. Since the war in the East, all the nations of Europe perceive clearly that a naval force is indispensable to enable them to preserve their rank and power in the world.

**EUROPE IN THE BOSPHORUS.**—A company has been formed for the construction of a dock, with patent slips, somewhere on the Bosphorus. Mr. Barkley, the engineer of the Heraclea coal mines, has been commissioned to find a suitable place, and make the necessary arrangements. He has chosen Beicos Bay as the site of the dock; it is easily accessible, and well protected from every wind. As the company wishes for no exclusive privilege, there can be no difficulty about obtaining the permission from the Porte to confer such a boon on the capital.

**SIR CHARLES NAPIER AT ST. PETERSBURG.**—A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 20th ult., says:—"Among the numerous foreigners seen here of late, there is one whose appearance has produced a certain sensation. I allude to the famous Sir Charles Napier, who has come at last to breakfast at Cronstadt and dine at St. Petersburg, but in a much more peaceable way than he proposed to do some two years back. Decidedly it would be curious if we could not know what change has been produced in his opinions by the sight of the fortifications at Cronstadt. True it is that Sir Charles Napier is the object of general curiosity, but no person here thinks of bearing him any ill will now that he comes as a friend. They say he intends presenting himself to the Emperor after his Majesty's return." Sir Charles has been well received by the Emperor, and visited Cronstadt. He was to "assist" at a grand Russian naval review off the Red Mountain, near Cronstadt. It is said no increase had taken place in the number of large ships of the Russian fleet, but many sailing vessels had been converted into steamers, and a quantity of gun-boats had been built lately.

#### HOW THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

As the Presidential election approaches it may be interesting to our readers to know how the electoral college is constituted, in order to be able to form some estimate of the probable result. The Presidential candidates are not voted upon directly by the people. Each state chooses as many electors as it has members in both houses of Congress, and this body, when chosen, constitute the electoral college, by whom the President and Vice-President are chosen. In theory this body is supposed to deliberate, and select from the statesmen of the country; but practically the several parties select their candidate and nominate electors with a view to their support in the college. Thus, instead of any deliberation, the votes of the electors of each state are given in a body for one or the other candidates. The electors of each state meet in the capital of the state on a given day, cast their votes, and transmit the result to the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington. They are there opened in presence of both Houses, and the general result declared. The electoral college consists of 296 votes, distributed as follows:—

SIXTEEN FREE STATES.	FIFTEEN SLAVE STATES.
Maine ... .. 3	Delaware ... .. 3
New Hampshire ... 3	Maryland ... .. 10
Vermont ... .. 3	Virginia ... .. 12
Massachusetts ... 11	North Carolina ... 10
Rhode Island ... 4	South Carolina ... 8
Connecticut ... .. 7	Georgia ... .. 10
New York ... .. 35	Florida ... .. 3
New Jersey ... .. 7	Alabama ... .. 9
Pennsylvania ... .. 27	Mississippi ... .. 7
Ohio ... .. 23	Louisiana ... .. 6
Indiana ... .. 13	Texas ... .. 4
Illinois ... .. 11	Tennessee ... .. 12
Michigan ... .. 6	Kentucky ... .. 12
Wisconsin ... .. 5	Missouri ... .. 9
Iowa ... .. 4	Arkansas ... .. 4
California ... .. 4	
176	120

To secure an election by the people, it is necessary to obtain 149 votes out of the 296.

#### A SINGULAR INCIDENT IN THE REV. H. W. BEECHER'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

At the conclusion of the sermon on June 1st, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher announced to his congregation that he was about to perform an action of a most extraordinary nature, which he would preface by reading a portion of the 12th chapter of Matthew. He accordingly read the 10th, 11th, and 12th verses of that chapter, after which he proceeded to give a sketch of the later history of a slave girl, Sarah by name, an appeal in whose behalf he had lately received. She was, he said, the daughter of a Southern planter, acknowledged by himself as his own offspring, and reared in his own family until his other daughters growing up had treated her so cruelly that she attempted to escape. She was captured and taken back to her paternal master, who made immediate preparations to sell her to the extreme South, refusing to dispose of her to any one who would permit her to remain in the neighbourhood. Many persons in the vicinity, knowing her to be a most faithful, efficient, and therefore valuable piece of property, were anxious to purchase her, but her owner utterly refused to sell to them, his object being to have her removed to so great a distance that her near relationship to the others of his children could occasion them no further mortification. She was accordingly sold to a Southern man, who held her at 1,500 dollars, but who finally consented to part with her for 1,200 dollars. A slaveholder at Washington, pitying the girl, bought her for the latter sum, immediately, however, setting on foot a subscription to enable her to purchase her freedom, he himself contributing 100 dollars; another man, also a slaveholder, gave 100 dollars; and 700 dollars were finally obtained. "At this juncture," said Mr. Beecher, "I received a letter asking if we could do anything toward making up the rest of the money, to which I replied that I would promise nothing unless we could see her here." The Reverend Gentleman here stepped from his desk, and with an encouraging "Come up, Sarah," he led upon the platform a young, intelligent-looking mulatto girl, whom he presented to the crowded audience as the slave girl in question. She is apparently about twenty-five years old, probably three-quarters white, of very pleasing and modest appearance. Mr. Beecher seated her in a chair by his side, while he continued his remarks. She was here, he said, on her parole of honour. She had promised to go back, and she must return, either with or without the five hundred dollars which were yet necessary to make her a free woman. A collection would be taken up, and the result would show their verdict. By this time there was hardly a dry eye in the whole immense congregation of nearly 3,000 people. Men wept, and women sobbed—not shamefacedly, but openly, and without any attempt at concealment. All seemed to be touched to the very heart. The like scene has never been witnessed in the world. In a Christian land, on the Christian Sabbath, in the pulpit of a Christian Church, by the lips of a Christian minister, a trembling, shrinking woman begged from a Christian people money to save herself from a life of compulsory prostitution. One gentleman here rose and announced that the money should be forthcoming to make her free, and, if necessary, he would be personally responsible for the entire amount. This announcement was received with hearty and long-continued applause, the audience being no longer able to restrain their feelings, and Mr. Beecher expressing his approval of the jubilant demonstration. Sarah, the slave girl, had, up to this time, preserved a tolerable composure, but when the certainty was declared that she should not go back to a life of slavery, she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept aloud. As the collectors passed among the audience, the plates were actually heaped up with the tokens of substantial sympathy; one lady even took the jewellery from her person and cast it into the fund. The amount collected on the spot was 784 dollars, which, besides completing the sum necessary for the purchase of Sarah, will also rescue her child, a boy of four years, who is now in bondage. The scene was one of the most remarkable and exciting ever enacted in America before a religious congregation. Mr. Beecher said he did not approve of an ungodly clapping of hands in the church of God, but he could see no harm in doing so on the present occasion. The hills of Judea were wont to ring with the plaudits of the people and the sound of cymbals, when any signal instance of God's presence was manifested, and he could forgive that natural outburst of enthusiasm on an occasion like the present. "Let us now," he continued, "join in the hymn—the first hymn of praise our sister has ever heard." A hymn was then sung with great fervour, when the audience slowly dispersed.

**POISONING IN THE UNITED STATES.**—THE POISONER LYNCHED.—A man, named Ray, resident in Morgan county, Mo., having had some difficulty with some of his neighbours, determined to poison their children. He obtained a quantity of arsenic, put it in a squirrel's head, and laid it in a spring used by the school. The result was the poisoning of nearly the whole of the children of the school, two or three of whom died, while seven or eight others were in a hopeless condition. The schoolmaster, who was also poisoned, had at last accounts begun to mortify, and his death was beyond question. Ray was arrested by the citizens of his neighbourhood, and made his escape in the night, but was again apprehended. The parents of the children determined to take the law into their own hands, and after deliberately deciding to hang him, gave him one hour to prepare. At the end of that time he was taken to the limb of a tree, and thirty minutes given him to speak. The following is the commencement of a brief address, which is certainly a model for coolness, under the circumstances:—"Gentlemen and Citizens of Morgan county and state of Missouri, I come not to plead for mercy: I am an innocent man; I don't come before you with a darkened forehead or a downcast eye; I come determined to die brave, and shall die without a tear in my eye. Gentlemen, take care of my poor wife and children, and see that they have plenty to eat and to wear." The rope was fixed around his neck, and he tied the handkerchief over his face himself, and called all his friends to bid them good-bye; he kissed one or two, and said, "I am innocent," when the bench was pulled from under him; but the rope not being fixed right, he had to be lifted up again until the rope was properly adjusted, when he died in about five minutes. There were about 250 or 300 persons present, and no one said a word in his favour.

**THE LARGEST STEAMER IN THE WORLD.**—The American steamer Vanderbilt, the largest steamer in the world, has had a trial trip at New York. Her paddle-wheels make sixteen revolutions a minute. Twelve revolutions were equivalent to fourteen knots an hour, and with thirteen miles an hour only she could cross the Atlantic in ten days. Her length is 335 feet, breadth of beam 46 feet, depth of hold 32 feet. She is 5,000 tons burden. She will draw 20 feet when loaded. She will carry 1,000 tons of freight, 1,500 tons of coal, and 800 tons of water. She has five decks and sixteen watertight compartments. Her engines consist of two overhead beam engines with a power of 5,000 horses. The boilers are tubular, each 30 feet long, and weighing sixty tons. She has 32 furnaces, and she will consume 100 tons of coals in twenty-four hours. Her floors are fastened through her keel with copper bolts; the bolts weigh fifty tons. She is iron strapped throughout with 350 diagonal straps, weighing in the aggregate ninety-six tons. Her cost will be nearly 1,000,000 dollars.

**A MURDERER'S COFFIN.**—The coffin of Cora, who was executed at San Francisco by the Vigilance Committee, was of solid mahogany and lined with rich white satin. The sides were covered with gilt scroll work, and the edges bound with gold lace, studded with silver nails. A silver plate, bearing his name, age, and the time of his death, was placed upon the lid. The coffin was furnished by Belle Cora, to whom the unfortunate man was married a few moments before his death.

#### THE EVACUATION OF THE CRIMEA.

THE annexed are the official announcements, English and Russian, of the evacuation of the Crimea. These documents may be said to form the closing passages in the history of a great war.

"My Lord.—Finding that all arrangements would be completed for evacuating the Crimea on the 12th instant, I wrote the previous day to the officer in command of the Russian troops, a colonel of the Gendarmierie at Kamenetz, that I should be ready to hand over the dockyard of Sebastopol and the port of Balaklava on that day.

"Her Majesty's ship *Algiers* had entered the port of Balaklava on the 7th instant; the 56th Regiment embarked in that ship on the evening of the 11th. The only troops remaining were one wing of the 50th Regiment, which formed the guard of the town that night.

"The following day, the 12th, at one p.m., all the remaining stores and establishments having been embarked, a company of the 50th was posted outside of the town to receive the Russian troops, and on their approach marched in with the Russian guard, composed of about fifty mounted Cossacks, and a similar number of infantry Cossacks. The usual form of salutes took place, the Russians placed sentries where they wished, and the four companies of the 50th marched on board the *Algiers*. I embarked with my personal staff at the same time. Although the weather was unfavourable, we were enabled to quit the harbour of Balaklava that evening.

"Admiral Sir H. Stewart and Admiral Fremantle were at anchor outside the harbour; they weighed, and we all sailed for this place, where I arrived to-day.—I have, &c., &c." W. J. CODRINGTON, General Commanding.

"The Lord Panmure, &c."

The "Invalide Russe" of July 24, publishes the following announcement of the evacuation of the Crimea by the Allies:—

"On the 4th (16th) of May, Kimburn was handed over to us, and the French troops which occupied it left for Constantinople.

"On the 19th (31st) of May, the French, consisting of one battalion of Rifles, a battery, and a company of Marines, left Eupatoria, and embarked, after having given up the town, in virtue of an agreement drawn up to that effect, to the officer appointed by the Governor of Tauris. The sanitary condition of the inhabitants was found satisfactory. The town, with the exception of a few houses, is totally destroyed.

"On the 24th of June the Allies evacuated Yenikale and Kertch, and communications were re-established with Tama.

"On the evening of the 23rd of June (5th of July), the French fleet, with Marshal Pelissier and the remainder of the troops, left Kamenetz Bay. The Admiralty, Quarantine, and naval buildings were still occupied by the English.

"On the 30th of June (12th of July), at seven p.m., General Codrington, with the English troops that still remained in the Crimea, embarked at Balaklava and went to sea.

"On the 5th (17th) of July, there did not remain a single foreign ship of war on the shores of the Crimea.

"The Russian Government is re-established on every point evacuated by the Allies."

#### MONUMENTAL REMAINS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The Chersonese is covered with isolated graves, with longer burial-grounds, and with detached cemeteries from Balaklava to the verge of the roadstead of Sebastopol. Ravine and plain—hill and hollow—the roadside and secluded valley—for miles around, from the sea to the Tchernaya, presents these stark white stones, singly or in groups, stuck upright in the hard soil, or just peering over the rank vegetation which springs from beneath them.

The French have taken but little pains with their graves. One large cemetery has been formed with great care and good taste near the old Inkermann camp, but in general they have not enclosed their burial places. The Saratians have erected a pedestal and obelisk of stone on the heights of Balaklava, close to their hospital, to the memory of their departed comrades; and the English have erected similar monuments on the heights of Inkermann, and on the plain of Balaklava, to commemorate the 5th of November and the 25th of October.

In front of the salient angle of the Redan, at a few yards from the ditch, a handsome white stone obelisk has been put up, with an inscription to the memory of those who fell in the assaults on the place, engraved on one of the square alabs at the base.

At the Malakhoff there is nothing but a large wooden cross, at the head of a mound full of dead, with this inscription in white paint:—

"Unis pour la victoire,  
Reunis par la mort  
Du soldat c'est la gloire  
Du brave c'est le sort."

Outside the vineyard, at the English head-quarters, there is a small graveyard which contains but two monuments. One, formed of a large horizontal slab of marble, is to the memory of Major-General Estcourt; the next is to the memory of C. R. Cattle, Esq., who died of cholera while serving on the staff of Lord Raglan, July, 1856. The rest are all nameless.

Beyond the Inkermann plateau, and proceeding down the Woronzow Road, past the burial-ground of the Light Division, on the rear of Gordon's battery, many a poor fellow has found a resting-place near the scene of his last fight. Several monumental stones are erected here, two of which are especially affecting as having been raised by the brothers of the buried soldiers.

In a secluded ravine he lies that was mortal of those of the Naval Brigade who rest in the Crimea. The cemetery is enclosed by a wall, and is entered by a gateway in good preservation. The first stone which strikes the eye is a handsome vertical slab of marble, with a cross engraved, and the name of Lieutenant E. H. Hughes P.A.C.H., late first lieutenant of her Majesty's ship *Sidon*, who, after having served nine months on shore with the Naval Brigade, died of cholera, August 7, 1855, aged thirty-four years. This stone was erected by the Captain and officers of her Majesty's ship *Sidon*, in testimony of their esteem and regard. Another stone arrests attention. It is inscribed "To J. Tobin, died of wounds received in action." Beneath is this quaint inscription:—

"I am anchored here below with many of the fleet,  
But once again we will set sail, our Admiral Christ to meet."

Some of the graves have wooden slabs over them; but over more the grass grows green, and numberless wild flowers have sprung up in the rich mould of the ravine.

By the side of the road from Balaklava to the front there are two graveyards filled with slabs and with monuments in cut stone, one erected by the Army Works Corps to their own officers and men who died here; the other the work of the same corps, in memory of the officers and men of the Land Transport Corps who fell by sickness in the Crimea.

In the plain below the site of the Turkish camp, near head-quarters, stands a solitary grave. It is enclosed by a substantial stone wall, and the head is marked by a handsome slab of oolite, or white sandstone, with an ornamental carving above an incised cross. On the body of the stone is engraved the name of Colonel Balfour Ogilvy.

The burial-ground of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Brigade of Guards is enclosed by a substantial wall. It is entered by a handsome double gate, ingeniously constructed of wood and iron pillars hammered out straight, and painted, which is hinged on two massive pilars of cut stone, with ornamental capitals, each surmounted by a cannon ball. There are six rows of graves, each row containing thirty or more bodies. Over each of these is either a tombstone or a mound, fenced in by rows of white stones, with the initials, or sometimes the name, of him who lies below, marked on the mound by means of pebbles. Facing the gate, and close to it, stands a large stone cross, erected on a series of four massive blocks of the same material. On the west face of the block, supporting the cross, are the words—"Grenadiers, Coldstream, Scots Fusilier Guards, A.D. 1856." On the opposite face is the following inscription:—"To the memory of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Brigade of Guards who fell in the Crimea, this cross was erected by their surviving comrades, A.D. 1856." There are but few monumental stones in this cemetery.

**DEATH OF THE COMMANDER OF THE VLADIMIR.**—Captain Peter Stchibogoff, who commanded the Russian steamer *Vladimir*, celebrated during the war by dashing exploits amongst the English fleet, getting into Sebastopol, &c., died rather suddenly at Odessa. He was a Pole. Captain Stchibogoff was much respected, and the funeral was on a splendid scale—quite a military pageant.

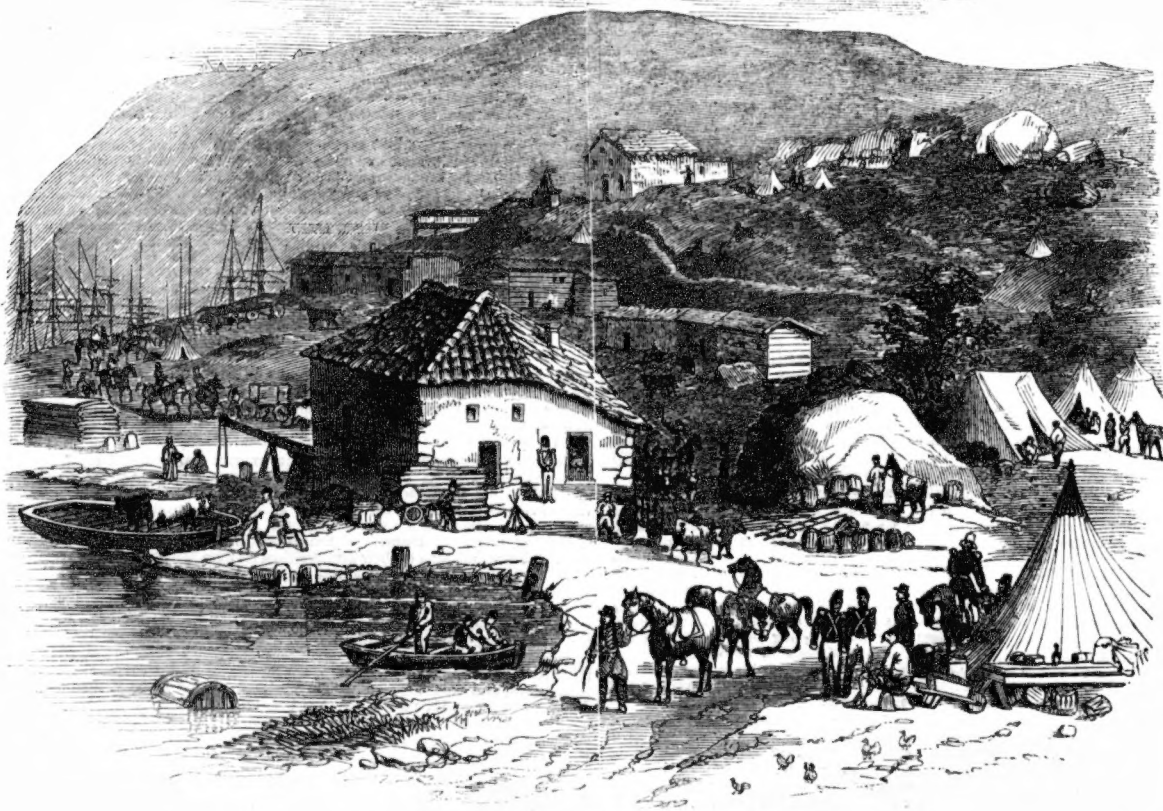
**HONOURS BESTOWED BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.**—A supplement to the "London Gazette" of Friday was published on Monday, announcing that her Majesty has been pleased to grant her Royal licence and permission to various officers and men in her Majesty's military and naval service to accept and wear the insignia of the several classes of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour, which the Emperor of the French had conferred upon them as a mark of his approbation of their distinguished services before the enemy during the late war. The "Gazette" publishes the names of the individuals upon whom the honour was conferred.

**THE PATERNAL CHURCH.**—Here is a pretty anecdote of Cardinal Grassellini, which is confirmed from various sources. The Cardinal's gardener had a daughter, who was considered to be the prettiest girl in Bologna, and was engaged to be married to a young Bolognese. His Eminence took a fancy to her, and attempted to seduce the girl; but she not listening, he had recourse to priestly manoeuvres, and banished the proposed husband, so that the girl might be induced to purchase his return with her honour. But finding even this would not do, under the pretext of heresy the poor creature was taken from her parents and thrown into prison. The parents went immediately to the Austrian General Degenfeld. Cardinal Grassellini pretended to know nothing about it; but the General knew his man, and threatened force. The girl was set at liberty, and given over to her parents. The treatment she had received in prison was so horrible, that what between shame and suffering the poor girl expired in a few days.





GENERAL CODRINGTON, LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.



THE OLD LANDING PLACE AT BALACLAVA.

## SIR WILLIAM CODRINGTON, K.C.B.

THE evacuation of the Crimea having now been accomplished; the last English soldier having left the territories of the Czar; the Cossacks being once more in possession of Balaklava; and the last act of the Russian war having been brought to a close, we avail ourselves of General Codrington's arrival in this country to present to our readers a portrait of the man, who had the distinction of being for months at the head of our brave army before Sebastopol.

General Codrington, who has now seen about fifty summers, is the eldest son of that gallant admiral of the name, who won the battle of Navarino, and has held a commission in the army since 1821. In that year, he entered the Coldstream Guards, and soon became known to his regiment as a steady officer, fond of his profession, and courteous to all around him. His promotion to the rank of Major-General in 1854, left him unemployed just at the commencement of the war, and he went to the East as an amateur.

When the expedition was about to sail for the Crimea, Lord de Ros, who held the office of Quartermaster-General to the army, was compelled to return home by ill health, and Brigadier-General Airey was appointed to succeed him. This left the command of a brigade to be filled up by Lord Raglan. General Codrington was at hand, his qualities were known, and within a few hours of the departure of the expedition from Varna he was placed at the head of the 1st Brigade of the Light Division, then composed of the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd Regiments. At the Alma, which was the first engagement at which he was present, General Codrington and his brigade played a distinguished part; and at Inkermann he rendered good service to his country. While he was visiting the outlying pickets of his brigade, at five in the morning of the 5th of November, 1854, an officer on duty remarked to him that it would not be surprising if the Russians availed themselves of the mist of the morning to attack our positions—calculating on the effects of the rain in disarming vigilance and spoiling weapons. General Codrington turned his pony round, and retraced his steps through the brushwood towards his lines. He had only proceeded a few paces when a sharp rattle of musketry was heard down the hill, and on the left of the pickets of the Light Division, where the pickets of the Second Division were stationed. General Codrington at once wheeled his horse's head in the direction of the firing, and in a few moments galloped back to turn out his division. The Russians were advancing in force. In the severe action which ensued his gallantry was more than once noticed by Lord Raglan, and when Sir George Brown was obliged to leave for Malta, in consequence of a wound received that day, he was selected to command the Light Division.

During the long and dreary winter General Codrington never left his post for a day. He was always to be found ministering to the wants of his men, and sustaining his officers under the most dreadful discouragements. When the new campaign commenced with the spring, General Codrington again became a leading actor in the scene. He superintended the arrangements by which General Shirley so gallantly won the Quarries on the 7th of June; and when the final assault was made on the 5th of September, the Commander-in-Chief's opinion was evinced by his selection of him to conduct the attack on the Redan. His generalship on that occasion elicited some severe opinions, but those most competent to judge approved of his conduct; and on the resignation of General Simpson he was appointed to command our troops in the Crimea. Whatever his capacity for military affairs may be, Sir W. Codrington is undoubtedly a very industrious and painstaking officer, and a favourite with the army.

"I have known that officer for years," said General Windham, the other day, "and if a man who has served under him may be allowed to make a remark concerning him, I would plainly say that I thoroughly respect him, both as a man and a soldier. I think the country will learn, and soon discover, that they have in him a good and valuable public servant."

## REMINISCENCES OF THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL—NO. VII.

## OLD BALACLAVA.—THE ORDNANCE WHARF.

SUBJOINED are a couple of Crimean sketches—one of which is a view of Balaklava as it originally was, the other a sketch of the Ordnance Wharf there. The harbour of Balaklava is, at first sight, so small, compressed, and inconvenient, that our sailors were struck with astonishment at it, and could scarcely believe that it had been originally intended for the use to which it was adapted. Though in reality some half-mile in length from the sea, and at its broadest part about 250 yards in breadth, it looks like a small pond, closely shut in by the sides of high rocky mountains. These cliffs, extraordinarily steep and precipitous, close up towards the sea, and so completely overlap the narrow channel which leads to the haven as to render it quite invisible. Between the base of the rocky hills and the margin of the sea, there are the extensive ruins of a Genoese fort, built some 200 feet above the level of the sea. The town of Balaklava, a poor straggling village, is approached through a narrow defile, leading from the more open country about Traktir. This pass might have proved a second Thermopylae, so formidable and narrow is it; and had there been such a resolute three hundred as followed Leonidas, to oppose the Allies, they might have given our generals much trouble. As it was, however, we were suffered to march in unopposed. The miserable town itself was inhabited by a Greek colony; but in the neighbourhood there were two or three good houses, the farmyards of which were filled with excellent hay, which came in very seasonably for our forces. The hills in the immediate neighbourhood were barren rock, but towards the coast they became more fertile; and in the direction of Sebastopol were many pleasant white villas and farmhouses, occupied principally by Russian officials engaged in the docks and arsenals of Sebastopol. In the immediate vicinity was situated Mr. Upton's farm. The valley of Balaklava and the ground around Kadikoi was like a large and well-stored garden. Plums and apples were overhead, the clustering vines were thick with green and purple grapes, and between the vineyards was a rich purple of melons, pumpkins and cabbages. Such was the aspect of Balaklava when our soldiers, flushed with the victory at the Alma, delighted at having recovered their communication with the fleet, and in general good spirits, first approached it. Little knew they of the horrors of the coming winter of privation, cholera, deficiency of transport, overwork, and all the dreary sufferings which they afterwards experienced. Let us borrow a description of Balaklava in its miserable state from last month's "Blackwood," in which Colonel Hamley, an eye-witness of all he narrates, thus paints it:—

"At the word 'Balaklava' the scene shifts to where, as you look towards the town from the top of the last eminence, the harbour gleams, like a plate of steel, in its rocky basin, while heavy clouds, charged with sleet and rain, are rent into rags as the wind drives them against the edge of the mountain. Slowly move the trains of men and horses that traverse the melancholy valley—slowly those which ascend the hill towards you. This line of grisly men in ragged red coats, whose thick beards mingle with their fur-caps, and cover the woollen scarfs wound round their necks, have been sent down from the front for provisions for themselves and their comrades, and those pieces of pork which dangle in strings from their hands are the rations, on which they will break their fast for the first time to-day—the first time, though through yonder break in the black cloud, comes a lurid glimmer of the setting sun. That pack-horse, which has sunk under its burden by the roadside, will never rise again; ah, you may cease, good fellow, those efforts to raise him! to-morrow there will be one more carcass cumbering the road. Room for the sick! and turning, you see a dismal troop. He who rides first is, as you see by his helmet, a dragon, from whose stooping shoulders, as he leans forward to clutch the mane, flows a blanket, covering the hollow flanks of his gaunt horse; his lips are parted, his eyes closed, his cheeks livid—he is little other than a mounted corpse. The next moans as he goes, propping himself with both hands painfully on the pommel of his saddle. 'Will this journey never end?'—so you read in his face; 'this desert of mud which I seem to have been travelling for months and years, shall we ever be through it?—were it not better to relax these faint hands, to cease to cling with these weary knees, and to bury all my troubles in the mire beneath?' The next glares at you with wide eyes, void of speculation; he is fever-stricken; and if he saw you at all in that hurried insane glance, you exist in his brain only as another of the phantoms or fiends that haunt his delirium. Bound for the great hospital of Scutari, though some of them will never see it, the ghostly train sweeps on, wading and shipping past the dying horses, past the dead and half-buried bullocks, past skeletons and carcasses in various stages of decay, past the wrecks of arabas and wagons, past the men with bundles, who have been down



for the clothing which they have needed for weeks, past the wagon-loads of dead Turks, gone to that yawning pit beside the road which is to be their sepulchre, past the artillery-wagons returning now at dusk with the forage they set out at daybreak to fetch—and on, always through deep mire, to the place of embarkation."

With the return of spring, however, and before the commissioners appointed by Government arrived, affairs at Balacava had assumed a much brighter aspect. The severity of the winter had relaxed, the health of the troops had improved, and, owing to the activity of old Admiral Boxer, the shores of the harbour were lined with wharves (a sketch of the principal wharf, the "Ordnance Wharf," we engrave), and, above all, the railway had been established. English neatness reigned paramount, new buildings were erected, old ones restored, and on the Russians retaking possession a few weeks ago, they could scarcely have recognised in the clean, official-looking place which we had made it, the wretched fishing town they had left, although both bore the name of "Balacava."

#### THE HEALTH OF ARMIES.

A REPORT has been recently published on the pathology of the diseases of the army of the East. The British army, as appears from this report, suffered fearfully from dysentery, which assumed at length a scorbutic type. The question arises, what were the causes which produced so violent a form of sickness in so fine an army? The Crimea, it is stated, has by no means an unhealthy climate. There are sudden changes of temperature; but no marsh land or excessive vegetation exists, and some kinds of disease usually found in an army were absent. But the soldier was ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-housed during the winter months, while exposed to harassing and excessive duties. These things were the direct cause of disease; but the report attributes much to the physical character of the men themselves. Among the predisposing causes of sickness may be counted, it is said, the youth and immature condition of a great part of the army. The young soldiers were more easily acted on by the influences which surrounded them, and experience proved that fatal results attended operations in their cases in a greater degree than in those of older men. Towards the end of the campaign, the proportion of young men was very large, and of those who were brought into hospital on the 8th of September, a fourth were only twenty years old or under.

Another class of men ill-fitted for a military life are the recruits gathered at a somewhat advanced age from the large towns. These, who have passed twenty-five or thirty years of life in the close streets and impure atmosphere of a manufacturing or seaport town, are generally found to have passed the meridian of their physical development. The testimony of the medical officers is unanimous that such men are early and constant applicants for admission into hospital. The effects of a campaign on the appearance of the soldiers is strikingly described in the report. Some of these effects were visible to the eye. A marked characteristic of the Crimean soldier was a premature appearance of age. The veteran of forty would be readily taken by the inexperienced for the old man of sixty or sixty-five; the youth of twenty or twenty-two wore the settled aspect of thirty-five to forty.

Some singular facts are mentioned in connection with the surgical operations practised in the various hospitals. "A tolerance of the effects of injury and of the greater surgical operations has been observed among the Russian prisoners, both in the French and English hospitals, far superior to that exhibited by the wounded among the Allied troops, with the exception perhaps of the Sardinians." Our men, though stalwart and healthy-looking, were found too soft and inflated for a safe endurance of wounds or the surgeon's knife. The report refers to a fact which, it will be remembered, was warmly contradicted. "It was with regret," says Dr. Lyons, "that I noticed subsequently to the month of May that the increased facilities for procuring malt and other intoxicating liquors became a means of great and general abuse." The report condemns the issue of porter as a ration, even in moderate quantities, and states that, immoderately used, as it often was, the consequence was "an inflation of the system and a plethora state not consistent with firm and vigorous health." The document, as a whole, confirms many of the views that have been taken by former observers of the condition of our army, and will, no doubt, furnish valuable suggestions for the conduct of any future campaign.

"VOSS'S GAZETTE" was seized on the 30th ult. at Berlin for an article in which Russia was severely criticised for the manner in which she executes the treaty of peace, especially with regard to the fortifications of Reni and Ismail.



THE ORDNANCE WHARF, BALACAVA.

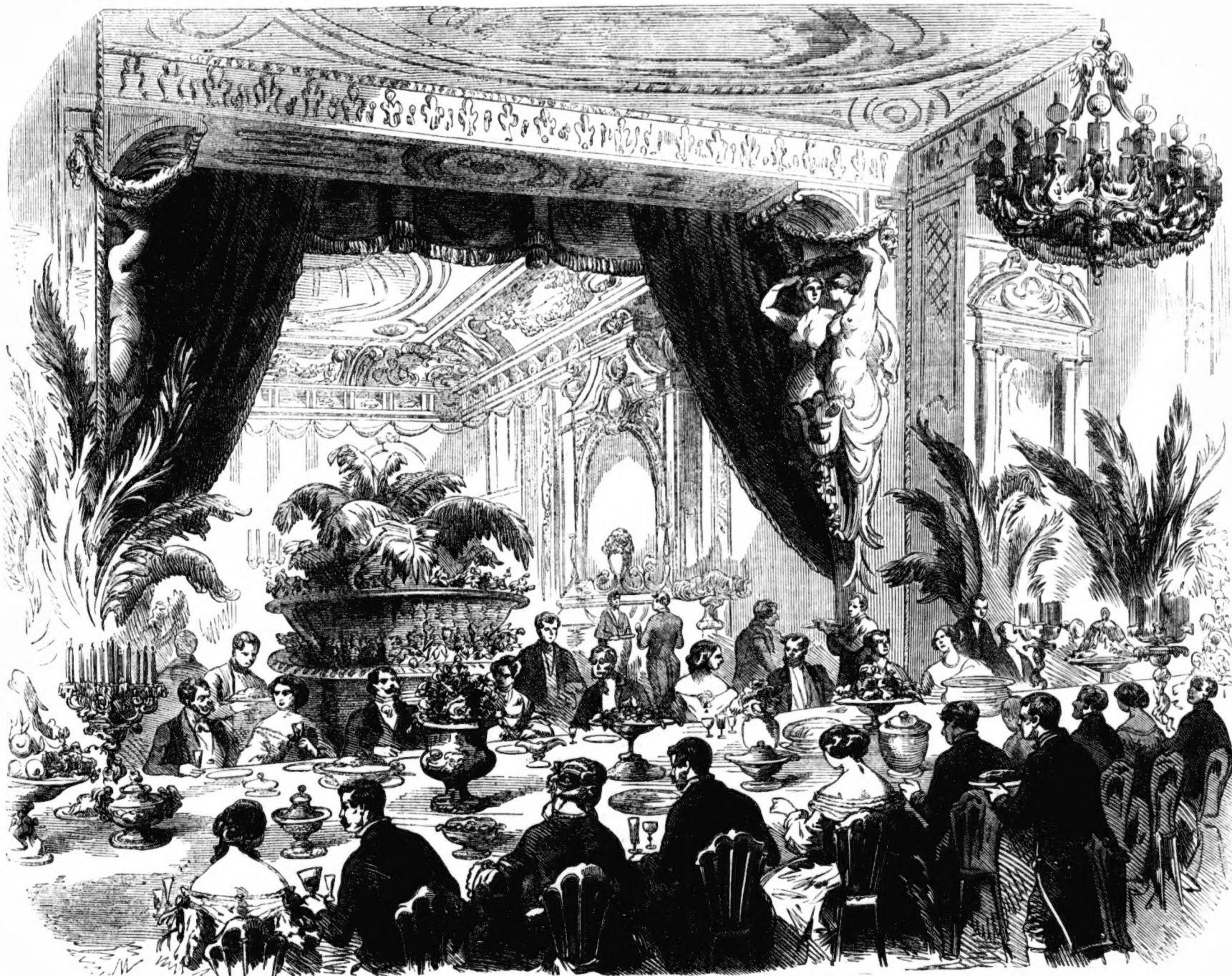
#### RUSSIAN FETE AT BADEN.

THE fifty-eighth birthday of the Empress-Dowager of Russia has lately been celebrated at Baden with unwonted magnificence. Sunday, the 13th of July, was the day appointed for the banquet and ball; and the Grand Chamberlain of the Empress, who, for the benefit of her health, was staying at the baths of Wiesbaden, issued invitations to the Russian, French, and English families residing at Baden. Among the guests appeared the Prince Frederick of Prussia, Prince Furstenburg, Mademoiselle Bardeneff, first lady in waiting to the Dowager-Empress, the Princess Wisensky, the King of Wurtemberg, and the Mayor of Baden.

The Committee of the Assembly Rooms having offered their new and magnificent apartments for the entertainment, covers were laid for forty-eight persons in the Winter Garden Gallery, which was gaily decorated

and artistically fitted up for the occasion. Brilliant lustres illuminated the rooms, which were crowded with rare plants and flowers; and the banquet altogether presented a most fairy-like appearance.

After the cloth was removed, the health of the Empress-Dowager was drank, as also health and happiness to her son the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who, as our readers are aware, is on the eve of marriage to the Princess Cecilia of Baden. The band then commenced playing various national airs, and the guests retired to the Louis Quatorze drawing-room, the entrance to which is grand in the extreme, being supported on each side by the beautiful caryatides of Jules Caudron, so much admired at the Paris Exhibition. The ball which succeeded was kept up with animation and gaiety until 3 A.M., when the company separated, highly delighted with the entertainment.



BANQUET AT BADEN-BADEN IN HONOUR OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



## ACTION FOR LIBEL IN SCOTLAND.

An action has been tried before the Edinburgh Court of Session, brought by Mr. Duncan McLaren, a former unsuccessful candidate for Edinburgh, against Mr. Ritchie, the proprietor of the "Scotsman" newspaper, for a libel. The plaintiff alleged that he had been held up to public contempt and ridicule by the paper in a series of articles and squibs which appeared in that journal during the progress of the recent election. The damages were laid at £1,000, and a verdict, awarding £400 to Mr. McLaren, has been given in the Edinburgh Jury Court as damages.

As we have commented upon this case in another part of our paper, and have expressed views different from the majority of our contemporaries, we insert here the defence of the "Scotsman," as undertaken by the "Globe":—"All who know or who have read anything of the political struggles in Edinburgh, will recognise the names of Mr. Adam Black and Mr. Duncan McLaren as two prominent men in the Liberal party. They were intimate friends as well as political colleagues. In 1852, when Mr. McLaren started as a candidate for Edinburgh, Mr. Black voted for his friend. It so happened, however, that there were two persons who did not—Mr. Brown Douglas and Sir William Johnstone. While the election was in progress, a quarrel arose between these two gentlemen and Mr. McLaren. Sir William Johnstone published a letter that amused the whole town, in which he imputed a variety of discreditable things to Mr. McLaren, and ended by likening him to a 'cold little snake.' Mr. McLaren retorted that somebody had betrayed and slandered all who trusted him. That somebody everybody in Edinburgh felt was Sir William Johnstone. Mr. McLaren himself would not say, when solemnly asked the question, that he did not mean Sir William. But this was not all. Mr. McLaren conceived that Mr. Brown Douglas had pointed him out as a Republican. Fired by this, without asking for any explanation, Mr. McLaren publicly denounced Mr. Douglas as a 'calumniator;' and it was not until the most courteous and persistent means had been employed to convince this touchy person of his mistake, that he consented to retract the expression.

"In 1856 Mr. Macaulay retired from the representation of Edinburgh, and Mr. Adam Black, not Mr. Duncan McLaren, was designated as the candidate of the Liberal party. What spectacle did Edinburgh then behold? In the words of the Lord Advocate, 'The man who was called a calumniator, and the man who called him a calumniator, the man who called Mr. McLaren a snake, and the man who was told that he had betrayed and slandered every man who ever trusted him, and the man who told him so, all united in a political combination to oppose Mr. Adam Black.' In other words, Mr. McLaren, the late friend of Mr. Adam Black, used every possible exertion to obtain the return of Mr. Brown Douglas, and Sir William Johnstone supported him.

"Fighting single-handed the battle of tolerance against intolerance, for such was the real issue tried at Edinburgh in 1856, the 'Scotsman' described the amazing combination of opposites against Mr. Black, and to illustrate it, our able contemporary revived in a strain of playful invective the story of the snake and the calumniator. He did not say Mr. McLaren was a 'snake;' he did not say Mr. Brown Douglas was a calumniator; he did not say that Sir William Johnstone had betrayed and slandered everybody who had trusted him. But he said, virtually, what must be the enmity of these men to Mr. Black, if, to oppose him, they could forget the insults they had interchanged a few years ago. Really, the 'Scotsman' was tried for re-uttering the libels uttered by the subjects of them years ago, not, however, as libels, but as incidents that occurred during the election of 1852. Such is a specimen of the sting of the libel charged against the 'Scotsman' by Mr. McLaren—the last man whose previous conduct gave him a right to sue in Court for the satisfactory solace of damages to heal injuries resulting from hard blows dealt by the press.

The striking fact in the trial, however, is not this conduct on the part of Mr. McLaren: it was the ruling of the Lord Justice Clerk that the law knows no distinction between things said of a man's private character and observations exclusively applicable to a man's public career."

## IRELAND.

**JAMES SADDLER.**—From whatever cause arising, there seems to be a growing impression that the fugitive Member for Tipperary, is, or has been of late, in the neighbourhood of his old haunts. Letters from Carrick-on-Suir state that in the course of last week the police were engaged in active search about Coolnamuck Court, one of the many properties purchased by John Saddler in the Encumbered Estates Court. The game did not turn up, but circumstances were elicited which led the constabulary to the conclusion—most probably an erroneous one—that the delinquent had been there very recently.

**MR. GAVAN DUFFY IN THE COLONIES.**—The "Nation"—speaking, no doubt, by hook—is constrained to confess that Mr. Gavan Duffy has "broke with some of the foremost men in Sydney, rather than permit the Governor (Sir William Denison) to be honoured as a toast at his (Mr. Duffy's) banquet." Mr. Duffy's candid, but rather ill-timed declaration, upon the same occasion, that he was "still a rebel to the backbone," has also severely injured his prospect of speedy political advancement in the colony. Private letters say that the promised subscription which was raising in his behalf had greatly disappointed the expectations of his admirers—in fact, that it would fall short by 50 per cent. of the amount anticipated on his first arrival in Sydney, and before the delivery of his dinner speech.

**VICEREGAL CLEMENCY.**—On Wednesday week, pursuant to instructions from Dublin Castle, a batch of party processionists—Orange and Green—incarcerated in the jail of the county of Down, were released from durance, and permitted to return to their respective homes.

**THE COMET OF 1556.**—The "Limerick Observer" assures us that the great comet of 1556 has actually made its appearance. It says:—"A gentleman of the highest respectability has just informed us that he saw on Friday night, for the third time, what appears from his description to be the long-expected comet of 1556, the re-appearance of which this year has been so long foretold; astronomers, however, guarding their calculations by the proviso that a difference of three years might possibly occur, although there was every reason to expect that the great comet, which takes three centuries to complete its orbit, would be visible about the month of August, 1856. Our informant describes the object as a globe of fire, as large as a good sized orange, with a broad tail of light extending about eighteen inches from the body. He saw it in company with several persons."

**THE MUTINY AT NENAGH.**—CONDITION OF THE MILITIA.—Eleven civilians labourers, and mechanics, have been arrested and committed to Nenagh jail, on a charge of taking part with the Tipperary Militia, and inciting them to violence on the occasion of the late mutiny. A local paper (the "Guardian") gives an account of an inspection by General Chatterton of the troops in garrison, comprising part of the 17th Lancers, the 94th Foot, and the debris of the unfortunate North Tipperary Light Infantry. After describing the splendid appearance of the troops of the line, the writer gives the following sketch of the local regiment on parade:—"They numbered over 400 men, and we may safely assert that such an exhibition was never witnessed in a barrack-yard before. They at once reminded the spectators of Jack Falstaff's ragged comrades. General Chatterton, instead of looking on them with the scrutinising gaze of a field officer, beheld them in pity. Their external appearance, in ragged tunics, fretted panalions, and tattered shreds, would under other circumstances be ludicrous in the extreme; but now the unfortunate men were the objects of sympathy rather than ridicule—of compassion, not of jest. Scarcely a single man had on a perfect uniform—one might be seen dressed in corduroy breeks, with red jacket, through which his shirtils arms protruded at the elbow; a forage cap was the only emblem of the occupation of another; a third, might be seen with an old boot on one foot, while the other was partly enveloped in a soles slipper, and the trousers of a great portion of them were nothing better than rags! This was the appearance—eternally disgraceful to the Government—presented on the 1st of August, in the year of grace 1856, by the North Tipperary Light Infantry of her Majesty's Militia."

**DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.**—If we are to be true to the memory of our fathers, it will not do to avoid recording the annual race for Doggett's coat and badge. This old established boat race was rowed on Friday week, the course being from the Swan at London Bridge to the Swan at Chelsea. The number of spectators was larger than has been seen for years before. There were two men in the race of whom a great deal was expected, as they had exhibited, even while in their teens, great proficiency in the art of rowing. These were Thomas Coombes, the son of the celebrated Robert Coombes, ex-champion of the Thames, and William Mansey of Isleworth, but the fortune of the day was against them.

George William Everson ..... Greenwich ..... 1  
Charles John Rose ..... Horselydown ..... 2  
James Thomas Pockmeal, jun. .... Pickle Herring Stairs 3  
Frederick James Hovey ..... Deptford ..... 4  
William Mansey ..... Isleworth ..... 5  
Thomas Coombes ..... Millbank ..... 0

Everson struck boldly out from the northward with a lead, which he never surrendered, and exhibited a most decided superiority over all the rest, who continued very prettily together to Southwark Bridge, where Rose commenced fairly establishing himself in the second place. Everson won by half a mile. Coombes and Mansey both rowed well, but were unfortunately fouled and much impeded.

**OYSTER FAIR.—OPENING OF THE OYSTER MARKET.**—On Monday morning the annual opening of the Oyster Market at Billingsgate took place, precisely at four o'clock Mr. Goldham, the clerk of the market, proclaiming the market opened for the sale of the bivalves. Some years since this ceremony was imposed, it being performed by the Lord Mayor and other civic functionaries at midnight, 4th and 5th August, but in consequence of the numerous accidents by drowning through intoxication that occurred, the hour was altered, and it is now a common place ceremony.

**THE MUSE IN BELGIUM.**—To the vexation of the Belgian Ministry, not one of the 156 French poems, sent in for the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the King's accession, was thought worthy of the prize by the jury appointed to examine them; whereas, on the contrary, the Flemish competition is so brilliant that fifteen poems already have been chosen, among which a closer selection will be made.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

**CORNS WITH A VENGEANCE.**—Last week, at the Plymouth Guildhall, Mr. Charles Chapman, a gentleman staying at the Royal Hotel, was charged by Mr. W. Treblecock, jun., "a chiropodist," with a violent assault. Mr. Chapman, it appears, sent for Mr. Treblecock to extract a corn which had troubled him, and the complainant having stated that his charge would be 5s. for each corn so removed, the defendant professed himself satisfied, and desired Mr. Treblecock to proceed at once to extract the troublesome excrescence. The complainant did as he desired, and Mr. Chapman was about to hand him over 5s., when Mr. Treblecock intimated that instead of one corn he had actually extracted twenty, for which he claimed £5 as remuneration. The defendant, surprised, paid the money, and Mr. Treblecock intimated that he would call again in the evening, and have another look at the foot which had cost Mr. Chapman so dear. The complainant accordingly called about 9 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Chapman had by this time arrived at the conclusion that he had been imposed upon, and required Mr. Treblecock to refund the money which he had received. This the latter declined. Mr. Chapman thereon, allowing his anger to get the better of his reason, applied a stick so vigorously about complainant's anatomy generally, that the latter felt himself justified in screaming "murder," and to alarm the inmates of the hotel ere he escaped from the hands of his assailant. Bloody and bruised, he left the hotel and laid his complaint at the police-office, upon which a constable was despatched to the Royal Hotel, but failing to meet with the defendant, he was satisfied with the landlord's assurance that Mr. Chapman would be sure to appear at the Guildhall on the morrow to answer the charge. Mr. Chapman, however, paid his bill, and Plymouth knew him no more. It is for the sake of suffering humanity—those who suffer in their purse as well as their feet—that we have referred to this case; for, as a peculiar mode of raising the wind, it is not unworthy of the "unwary public's" attention.

**SINGULAR ACCIDENT IN NORTHUMBERLAND.**—On Saturday last a fatal accident occurred at Blanchland, to a man named John Beck. He was mowing for his father, and was in the act of whetting his scythe, when he was observed to fall in a fainting fit, the scythe falling between his neck and left shoulder, causing a mortal wound. He died almost instantly.

**STRIKING SCENE IN A CLERGYMAN'S FAMILY.**—The town of Melton Mowbray was on Thursday week, enlivened by an assault committed on Mrs. Norman, wife of George Norman, Esq., of Goodby Marwood Hall, by three of the servants of the Rev. E. Manners of Goodby Parsonage, the father of Mrs. Norman. The defendants were Mary Johnson, David Ecob, and Thomas Landers. Landers is a groom in the service of the Rev. E. Manners. Ecob occupies a similar position, and Mary Johnson acts as companion to Miss Manners, the daughter of the Rev. E. Manners. Mary Johnson took out a game certificate about two years ago, and injured her hand while out shooting. She appeared in court richly dressed, with valuable rings upon her fingers, and carried a bouquet of flowers. The only witnesses examined in support of the charge were Mrs. Norman and her husband. It appeared that Mrs. Norman went to the Parsonage House to see her father, and was not allowed to enter his room. She persisted in remaining in the house until she did see him, and then Mary Johnson ordered the other servants to turn her out, and assisted in doing so. She struck Mrs. Norman violent blows on her arms and hands, and broke a ring on Mrs. Norman's finger. After this, Mrs. Norman jumped in at the window of her father's room, and while she was talking to her father, who is of rather a weak mind, and far advanced in years, the defendants entered the room and forcibly ejected her. Subsequently, Landers struck Mrs. Norman a blow on her breast, and nearly stunned her. Mr. Norman spoke to the bruises his wife received. For the defence it was urged that Mr. Manners did not desire Mrs. Norman to visit him, and that Mr. Douglas, his medical attendant, had given strict orders that none but Miss Johnson and Miss Manners, who lived in the house, should be admitted into the room. A declaration, signed by Mr. Manners, was put in and read. It positively contradicted several of the circumstances sworn to by Mrs. Norman, and in it he stated that it was at his request that Mrs. Norman was ejected, that no more violence was used than necessary. The magistrates sentenced Landers to four months' hard labour, and Mary Johnson to one month's hard labour. Ecob was discharged.

**DEATH OF A CRIMEAN SOLDIER.**—The Yorkshire papers record the sudden death of Sergeant Wallis, a native of Barnsley or the neighbourhood, under somewhat painful circumstances. Sergeant Wallis, who was in the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, was in the whole of the Crimean campaign, and he arrived at Aldershot on Friday week in good health. On arriving at the camp he took off his knapsack and coat, and said, "Thank God! I have arrived safely in Old England again; I'll now have a good rest." As soon as he had uttered these words, he fell down and died instantly upon his knapsack.

**THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT CHURCH FENTON.**—A verdict of manslaughter has been brought against George Spivey, the signal man, who had charge of the station at the time of this accident. The jury added to the verdict the following expression of opinion:—"And that the company were highly to blame in despatching the goods train at an earlier hour than was specified in the working time table, and also in not having a more efficient staff at Fenton station, on the return of the excursion train from Market Weighton." Spivey was taken into custody, and the Coroner proceeded to make out a warrant for his commitment to York Castle for trial at the next assizes.

**DRAMATIC EXPLOSION.**—On Saturday morning, a disaster occurred at Dorking, which, in addition to destroying a large amount of property, caused serious, if not fatal, injuries to two or three persons. Mr. Knight, a surgeon and druggist, was in his shop with a boy and a female servant. Mr. Knight was, we understand, preparing a prescription, when all of a sudden a loud explosion took place. Several people ran to the spot, when the poor boy was found fixed on some iron railings on the pavement in front of the house. He was insensible, and the upper part of his body covered with blood, which flowed from a terrible wound in the head, caused by coming into contact with the iron posts, when he was blown through the window by the force of the explosion. The girl was found in the window, where she had been forced; she was lying amongst the broken glass, and was very severely injured. Mr. Knight himself escaped with less injuries. The damage done to the premises was of course very great, and several of the adjoining houses were much shaken and injured. The exact cause of the explosion is not known, but it seems to have been occasioned by an escape of gas. As soon as possible after the disaster, medical aid was procured, and the wounds having been dressed, the unfortunate sufferers were conveyed to their residences, where they now remain in a pitiable condition.

**THE BISHOP OF EXETER AND THE TORRINGTON BURIAL BOARD.**—Shortly before the prorogation of Parliament, the conduct of the Bishop of Exeter, with reference to the non-consecration of the Torrington Burial-ground, was brought under the consideration of the House of Lords by the Earl of Portsmouth. The Bishop of Exeter refuses to consecrate that part intended for the Members of the Established Church, on the ground that one end—that which comes close to the Dissenters, although the ground is surrounded by a high substantial wall—is open, and that the burial-ground is not fenced according to the canons. A few days since, the Bishop's Secretary informed the Burial Board that the Bishop would consecrate the ground, and recommending a railing as a line of demarcation; but the Board, with but one dissentient, declined the terms, and prefer waiting till next session, in the hopes that an effectual and general alteration will be made in the law, rendering the consent of the Bishops as to the finished state of the ground before consecration unnecessary.

**FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT BY MACHINERY.**—A frightful accident occurred on Monday morning at the works of Messrs. Hutton and Son, silver platers of Sheffield, to a young woman named Emma Memmott, employed as a silver polisher. The young woman employed in polishing silver stand at a workboard, about four feet apart, and underneath each board, at about eighteen inches from the floor, runs the shaft from the steam-engine by which the polishing spindles are propelled. An iron bar is fixed on a level with the front of each work bench, to protect the clothes of the young women from the shaft. This precautionary measure, however, proved ineffectual in the case of Memmott, for while she was at work on Monday morning, her clothes, from some unknown cause, became entangled with the coupling box of the shaft. Feeling the drag at her clothes, she screamed out for assistance, and a man named Birks, under whom she worked, ran to her assistance, and seizing her under the arms, endeavoured to drag her from the spot, both he and she screaming all the while to the persons in care of the engine in a lower room to stop it. The engine was not stopped, and the machinery gradually wound up the young woman's clothes, dragging her down at every moment, despite the efforts of Birks, who finding it useless further to contend against the force of the machinery, himself ran into the lower room and instantly stopped the engine. When he returned to the poor young woman he found all her clothes torn off, and her body mutilated in the most shocking manner; it was literally crushed to pieces.

**EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM PRISON.**—On Saturday, the 26th of July, a girl, about twelve years old, named Bridget Hopkins, was taken to the county lock-up, Huddersfield, charged with having stolen two shawls. On the Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Eaton (the superintendent's wife), went to the cell in which the girl was confined, to obtain a book previously lent to another prisoner, and left in the cell. Mrs. Heaton called to the girl to give her the book through the aperture in the door. No answer being returned, Mrs. Heaton went for the key of the cell. Scarcely had she left the passage on which the cell door opens, when the girl came from behind the passage door, ran through the lobby and out of the front door, and succeeded in effecting her escape. The hole in the iron door of the cell through which she had squeezed herself to get into the passage is about four feet from the ground, and ten and a half inches long and six and a quarter wide. She had placed the bed-clothes on a stool to raise herself nearer the height of the aperture.

**THE DUNMOO FLITCH.**—The course of (wedded) love has not run quite so smooth at Dunmoo during the past year as it should do, with the rewarding flitch before the eyes of all the people, for only one happy couple have sent in their claim to the flitch promised by Mr. W. Answorth to the deserving. It is not intended, therefore, that the ceremony shall take place this year, but to defer the presentation to the summer of 1857, when it is expected, as we are informed, (but on what authority we are curious to know), that the claimants will be more numerous.

## EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDING AT CHRISTCHURCH, WEST HARTLEPOOL.

A DISPUTE has for some time existed between Ralph Ward Jackson, Esq., the Patron of Christchurch, West Hartlepool, and the Rev. John Hart Burges the Incumbent of the same, upon what is usually called the "school question." Various offers have been made to Mr. Burges by Mr. Jackson to relinquish the office of Incumbent of the church; Mr. Burges, believing himself in the right, maintained his ground, refusing to leave the church, notwithstanding the repeated declarations of Mr. Jackson that the church had been illegally consecrated, and that consequently there was no "district of Christchurch," and therefore no Incumbent. Acting upon legal advice, Mr. Jackson resolved upon boldly locking up the church, and issued a notice to that effect. The news soon spread throughout the town, and the utmost excitement prevailed. Early on Wednesday morning of last week, Mr. Burges went to the church, accompanied by Mr. James Harris, one of his churchwardens, and a blacksmith. The east gate of the yard was speedily opened, and the doors of the church were tried, but found to be securely fastened. The west door, secured on the outside with a padlock, was speedily opened, and several persons, drawn together by the time, entered the church. Mr. Jackson arrived shortly afterwards, and demanded of Mr. Burges by whose authority he had removed the fastenings. Mr. Burges replied by holding out the license of the Bishop as his authority. After a further conversation, Mr. Jackson retired. In about half an hour afterwards a scene occurred which, we believe, has never before been equalled in England. About thirty blacksmiths and labourers arrived on the spot, and proceeded to remove the outer doors of the church. Whilst this work of destruction was going on, Mr. Burges, amidst the hubbub of the people and the noise of the hammers, proceeded with the baptismal service, and the ceremony of churching, and whilst this was taking place, parties who had sittings in the church were busily engaged in removing their books, cushions, &c. At the conclusion of these services the church assumed an appearance which baffles description. Men, women, and children sauntered about the sacred edifice, each dealing denunciations against the respective parties whom they blamed as the authors of the proceedings.

At noon it was reported that, by Mr. Jackson's orders, the doors of the church were to be bricked up! This news drew to the spot a still greater number of the inhabitants. Working men refrained from returning to work, determined to see what would be the end of this serious business. About one o'clock a number of bricklayers were brought to the church, and at two o'clock several cartloads of lime and bricks were deposited at the doors. The church, at this time, was nearly half-filled with people, the Rev. Mr. Burges, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Charge, remaining inside, determined to maintain his post. The people threatened what they would do if the bricklayers began their work. Some of these men were stationed at each of the three doors; and as soon as they laid down a course of bricks it was kicked over. This was repeated after time, the women taking a very active part. The bricklayers were compelled to desist; and when matters assumed a rather serious aspect, Mr. Burges expressed his wish to avoid a breach of the peace, and desired the assemblage to permit the men quietly to proceed with their work, and when it was finished he would have it pulled down. This announcement was received with great satisfaction by the crowd inside the church, and the three cheers—strangely enough—sounded in the building.

About three o'clock, some parties got on to the steeple of the church and hoisted the white ensign, union downwards, as a token of distress; whilst the bells—the ropes of which had been previously removed—were made to toll as good a funeral dirge as they could without these appendages. The hour of six releasing numbers of workmen from their daily labour, the church, the yard, and the surrounding ground were speedily filled with labourers of all classes, and a considerable number of the respectable portion of the inhabitants, all deploring the sad state of affairs, and testifying their disapprobation in a variety of ways. The aisles, the pews, the communion altar, and even the pulpit, became places of common resort to the hundreds who continued to flow in and out; and singing, whistling, shouting, and all sorts of discordant noises were heard inside. Two "navvies" mounted the pulpit, and composedly sat down smoking their short pipes, to the apparent delight of those assembled, and one of them, laying hold of a prayer-book, held forth to the multitude amid loud shouts of approbation. The ceremonies of the church were further scandalised by the mock baptism of an infant, one of the navvies officiating as clergyman. This was followed up by a further burlesque, in which the marriage ceremony was read by a shoemaker, a stalwart mason and a buxom lass taking the parts of bride and bridegroom, the mock priest, at the conclusion, declaring that "that was the only legal marriage performed in the church." Three cheers greeted the pseudo priest at the termination of the ceremony. The top of the church was all this time filled with people, and the bell continued to send forth irregular peals in imitation of the death knell. Boys, youths, and men wandered about the church smoking pipes and cigars, and hussacks were thrown about from one to another in all directions. The uproar and confusion continued till about nine o'clock, when the large assemblage outside evincing no desire to depart from the place, Mr. Burges came out of the church and briefly addressed them, desiring them to return peacefully to their dwellings, assuring them that if, as was expected, the doors should be built up during the night, he would have them pulled down in the morning. At night, notwithstanding the request of Mr. Burges, some hundreds of people remained in the church till midnight, a report having been circulated that Mr. Jackson had given orders for the whole of the workmen and labourers in the Dock Company's employ to assemble at the church and protect the builders in building up the doors. No attempt was, however, made. Loud expressions of dissatisfaction were uttered against the Rev. H. R. Ridley, vicar of Stanton, and great fears were at one time entertained that an attempt would be made upon that gentleman's house. Fortunately, however, no attempt was made in that direction. During the midnight hours, parties got into the bell loft and kept up a continual din upon the bells, preventing the inhabitants in that locality from gaining their night's rest. On Thursday evening Mr. Burges announced his intention of holding service as usual.

**THE GOODWOOD PLATE.**—The great Goodwood prizes of this year, of which we gave an engraving last week, were carried off as follows: The Steward's Cup—the group by Messrs. Hunt and Roskill, representing Alfred the Great ordering the release of the wife and family of Iliesten, the renowned Danish chieftain, was won by New Brighton. Rogerthorpe carried off the Goodwood Cup—the terra in silver manufactured by Messrs. Handcock. The Clatterfield Cup, for which the popinjay shooting scene from "Old Mortality" was taken by the Messrs. Garrard and Co., was won by Termagant.

**ACCIDENT AT GOODWOOD RACES.**—During the race for the Goodwood Stakes last week, a serious accident occurred. Chevy Chase getting the better of her "feather," ran up the bank, and rolled over backwards into the middle of the rack, upsetting Jolly Marine and Speed-the-Plough, over whom fell Hungerford, Comedy, Enchanter, Vandal and Lundyfoot. The scene of confusion at the moment, as described to us by eye-witnesses, was frightful in the extreme, the seven horses and their maimed jockeys lying on the ground "all of a heap." Fortunately all the horses instantly jumped up and galloped away except Chevy Chase, whose foreleg was smashed, as if by a hammer, all the way down from the knee to the hoof. The poor beast sat upon her haunches, moaning fearfully, but was soon put out of her misery by being shot. Of the unfortunate jockeys, Stegless and Ashmall were the first to come to, and though the latter was suffering from a broken collar-bone, he proceeded with Stegless to the assistance of the others. Bartholomew lay on his face, apparently dead, and Salter partly upon poor Bartholomew's shoulder, in a state of insensibility; but Ashmall and Stegless succeeded in turning them over on their backs, and then went to little Hearden and Mundy, the former of whom was lying under the bank, Mundy, in addition to his collar-bone, having his thigh broken in two places. Cresswell received severe contusions on his legs and arm, but Hall escaped with a skaling only, and both speedily recovered. Hall and Stegless were able to ride in the Steward's Cup an hour afterwards; but the injuries of the others obliged them to be taken to the Infirmary at Chichester. On recovering their legs Enchanter, Speed-the-Plough, Jolly Marine, and Vandal jumped the post and rails at the side of the course, and the three latter commenced fighting in the wood close by. Speed-the-Plough and Vandal got Jolly Marine down, and attacked him most furiously until a gipsy boy with great courage and presence of mind seized the former by the bridle and separated them, whereupon the old horse galloped off to a pond and indulged in a cold bath, in the enjoyment of which he was captured. Vandal had a large piece of flesh torn off his shoulder, and the Jolly Marine received similar injury, besides a deep wound in the hip, which had the appearance of being inflicted with a knife or some sharp instrument. Enchanter, who is a very savage brute, fortunately did not join in the melee, but tried his hand at steep-chasing, and was eventually secured at a small village nearly three miles off.

**A LONG PEDIGREE.**—The late Mr. Hamilton, farmer, Dykebar, visiting the palace of Hamilton on one occasion, and brought into conversation with the late Duke, his Grace, pleased with the humour of the old farmer, said in a jocular way, "Pray, Mr. Hamilton, where in our family-tree am I to look for your family?" "Hoo!!"—drawing a long breath, as if astonished, the old man replied—"Who was ever think' o' looking for the root among the branches?"

**ADDITION TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**—An altar-piece, by an early Florentine master, Ben zzo Gozzoli, has been added to the national collection. It represents the Virgin and Child surrounded by angels and saints. From the original contract, recently published at Florence, it appears that this picture was painted in 1461-2, for the altar in the church of the Company of St. Mark; it is thus identified with a work noticed by Vassari in his life of the artist. The picture subsequently came into private hands, and was purchased from the remainder of the Rinuccini-collection for the National Gallery.

**THE SOUND DECKS.**—The committee appointed to report to the House of Commons on the Sound dues, have declared that these dues are the cause of annoyance and injury to British trade, and that they deem it highly desirable that they should be abolished. The committee, therefore, think that the proposals of the Danish Government to the different States interested in the trade and navigation of the Baltic should receive immediate attention.



## THE WEATHER AND CROPS.

The magnificent weather of the past week has brought on the crops splendidly in Bedfordshire. Wheat has very much improved. Beans look exceedingly promising. The hay harvest in this county is now finished, and, generally speaking, the crops have been secured in prime condition.

In Cambridgeshire every sort of crop is healthy, and an abundant harvest is rapidly approaching. Turnips, however, have suffered a great deal from fly, and a more destructive insect called the black caterpillar or locust. Potatoes appear to turn out plentifully, and at present there appears to be no symptoms of the old disease.

In Durham a large quantity of excellent hay has been made safe. The wheat crops have greatly improved, and are at present assuming a promising aspect. In some places the crop is light, but very healthy, and rapidly approaching maturity. Potatoes look well, and although the disease is not extinct, we have not heard of it prevailing to any great extent.

The crops in Cumberland appear to be in splendid condition. In Kent, too, they look most luxuriant, and their appearance has had a sensible effect upon the markets. We do not hear of any blight in the potatoes in this neighbourhood. They are generally of good quality, and are already selling at moderate prices.

Some heavy rains fell very lately in Lancashire, but they have done little or no injury to the growing crops, while the hot sunshine of the present time is ripening them in the most satisfactory manner possible.

The harvest prospects of Devonshire are the most cheering possible. In the neighbourhood of Exeter, and the fertile districts of Totnes, Ashburton, Kingsbridge, and throughout the whole of the South Hams, the grain crops are most luxuriant, and indicate an abundant harvest. Potatoes also look well. The disease has shown itself in some districts, but so partially and in such a slight form, as not to excite alarm. Throughout the districts of Crediton, Barnstaple, South Molton, and the fertile valleys of North Devon, the same cheering prospects present themselves. The hay harvest has been most satisfactory.

The weather in Northumberland has continued exceedingly propitious, and a great quantity of hay has been safely housed in excellent condition. The crops of cereals are advancing rapidly towards maturity; and under the influence of fine weather and anticipated abundance, prices have declined considerably, and show every appearance of a further fall.

Wheat is looking remarkably healthy in Yorkshire, and affords the promise of at least a full average yield. Other kinds of grain exhibit a no less satisfactory appearance. Potatoes and turnips are growing luxuriously.

In Oxfordshire the weather has been every thing that can be desired for the corn. The wheat on the heavy land shows a rich yellow colour, and that on the lighter soil has in many instances already been reaped. The barley, of which there is a small breadth growing this year, looks well on the good soils, where it was planted early, and promises to be of fine quality and good crop. Potatoes are free from disease, and the forward sorts yield well, but they are small on the thin soil.

**HEALTHINESS OF ENGLAND.**—The quarterly return of the Registrar-General is this time a most gratifying document. After all we have heard within the last two years of want, disease, and mortality, it is an agreeable change to turn to the narrative of national health and increase. Seldom were facts and figures more pleasant reading. The number of marriages celebrated in the first quarter of 1856 is above the average. More boys and girls were born alive and registered than in any previous three months in the history of England. The excess of births over deaths amounted in this part of the United Kingdom to 73,894. The proportion of deaths was not quite 21 in 1,000, the average annual rate of the season being nearly 23 in 1,000. The mortality of the whole of the last half-year has been much below the average rate. Better water, and improved sanitary arrangements, have much diminished the unhealthiness of the poorer districts of the metropolis and the great towns. On the whole, it is proved, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, that the climate of England is eminently salubrious. "It is well established," says the Registrar-General, "that England is the healthiest country in Europe. France stands next to England in salubrity. In the Continental cities the annual rate of mortality is seldom less than 30 in 1,000, and the rate frequently rises to 40 in 1,000. In London the annual rate of mortality is 25 in 1,000."

**MR. CHARLES MATHEWS'S INSOLVENCY.**—The debts of Mr. Charles Mathews were proved at the Lancaster Insolvent Debtors' Court at £9,781, and after deducting the claims without value, and others more than once entered, the bona fide debts were £7,551 incurred from June, 1854. The insolvency was attributed to the unfortunate speculation in the Lyceum Theatre, and also to having renewed old debts under the bankruptcy, in which it will be remembered, Mr. Mathews obtained a first-class certificate. A loss of £5,000 by the Lyceum Theatre was stated on the proceedings. Mr. Mathews, on making his appearance, was not opposed with any effect. On the part of a creditor, an application was made for a portion of his future income to be set aside for the general benefit of his creditors. The court, however, had no power to grant such an application. It was a matter which must be left to the honour of the petitioner. Mr. Mathews was ultimately declared entitled to the benefit of the act, and ordered to be discharged forthwith.

**LATE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.**—SUIT AGAINST THE RAILWAY COMPANY.—In the Southwark County Court, last week, an action was brought by a gentleman named Horsey, against the South-Eastern Railway Company to recover the sum of eight guineas and fifteen shillings from the defendants, they having committed a breach of contract in neglecting to convey him and his friends to see the naval review at Spithead. The plaintiff said that in the month of May last, he saw advertisements in the newspapers offering to take passengers by rail and boat to witness the great naval review at Spithead. He went to the Railway Office, 147, Chancery Lane, and purchased four tickets, for which he paid eight guineas. The tickets were like one produced, which defendants admitted to be a copy. When they arrived on board the vessel, they were known and recognised. When they got to Portsmouth their boat was loaded, and they were put on board the Princess Helena. She was fitted up for the occasion. There were four or five deck tables. The hold was lined with bunting, and about twelve mattresses were thrown down for them to sleep on: about one mattress to three persons. Tallow candles hung by ropes, and there was not the least accommodation. While at Portsmouth he asked leave to go on shore, when the captain said he did not know how long he should be there, but he allowed them to go ashore, to return by ten o'clock, which they did. The review was begun at eleven o'clock, but they did not quit Portsmouth harbour until one o'clock. The captain told them he was advised to wait for another train from London, and that was the reason he did not leave the harbour. The interesting part of the review was over when they got there. Mr. Poland, on the part of the railway company, contended that they had performed their contract to the best of their ability, and the plaintiff had seen the review, although he did not see the Queen pass through the fleet, and that he deemed quite sufficient for them. The Judge said—Assuming the delay of the steamer from the harbour to have been caused by some unavoidable accident, the company would not have been liable, but it is plain that the vessel was delayed for the purpose of the company. The review meant the whole review, or, at all events, the Queen's passage through the fleet, which defendant and his friends did not see, therefore he must give judgment for the plaintiff with costs. There were five other actions of a similar nature against the railway company, in which the Judge also gave judgment for the plaintiffs, considering that the defendants were guilty of gross negligence.

**THE MAIL AND EXCELSIOR COLLISION.**—At the instance of the Board of Trade a further investigation into the circumstances attending this deplorable collision will be made before Mr. Mansfield, the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool, for the purpose of ascertaining whether, and to what extent, the captains of the steamers were to blame.

**SUICIDE IN A BARBER'S SHOP.**—On Saturday week, a middle-aged man entered the shop of Mr. Rose, a hair dresser, on St. Andrew's Hill, City, and said he wished to be shaved. Mr. Rose's daughter was in the shop, and she said that her father would attend upon him in about a couple of minutes. He said it did not matter, and that he would shave himself. He immediately took a razor from the mantel shelf, and going to a corner of the room where there was a stand containing a basin, with one desperate cut he nearly severed his head from his body. Upon searching his clothes nothing was found upon him to give the slightest clue as to his identity.

**PAINFUL SUICIDE.**—A young female, aged twenty-two (from London) committed suicide last week, at Walton-on-the-Naze, by drowning herself under the steps of a bathing machine. During her stay at Walton, she had with her an infant six months old, whose guardian she represented herself to be, and for some time past it had been observed that her spirits were greatly depressed, neglect and the scanty means at her command evidently preying heavily upon her mind. It had been noticed also that, since the arrival of visitors, she had sought the utmost seclusion, even to the absenting herself from public worship, and on Saturday last, she went to Colchester, where, it was said, she raised funds by pledging her watch, &c., but this has been denied in a letter to the "Times" by a near relative of the deceased. From letters found in her luggage, it appears an attachment had been formed with an officer in her Majesty's service, resulting in the birth of the infant above-named, and on his return from the seat of war, she learned he was on the eve of marriage. This knowledge, it is concluded, led to the distressing event.

## Literature.

*The Austrian Dungeons in Italy.* By FELICE ORSINI. London: George Routledge and Co.

No one who feels indignant at the wrongs which Italy has endured at the hands of her foreign rulers, especially the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, can fail to be interested in a volume which contains a narrative of Orsini's fifteen months' captivity, and of that marvellous escape, the news of which recently startled Europe.

It appears that when, in December, 1854, the fact of Orsini's arrest by the Austrian police became generally known, few of his friends cherished any hope of ever seeing him again, and the news of the patriot's incarceration in the dungeons of S. Giorgio, banished every ray of hope. But, though given up for lost even by the most sanguine Italian patriots, the patience and endurance of Orsini did not desert him in the day of trial; and in the spring of this year, people were amazed by the intelligence that he had escaped from "Austria's hitherto invulnerable stronghold," and set foot on the free and sacred soil of England.

On arriving in this country, it was suggested to Orsini, that an account of his adventures would be interesting; and the result of this suggestion is the book before us. Here is the account of the adventure which terminated in his hairbreadth escape—

"I rose while the sentinels were accompanying the turnkeys to the other cells, left my nightcap on the pillow, and betook myself to the grating. I found some difficulty in passing the first, having put on a very thick pair of trousers. I then put on of the second grating, first my legs, then my right arm and head, holding on to the cord with the left; feeling about the wall with the point of my feet, I found a little ledge on which to rest. In the olden days this window must have been much larger than at present, and in order to adapt it to a prison, the wall had been built up, and the casement narrowed, so that the old wall of white marble protruded beyond the new. This ledge was invaluable to me, since, resting on it, I was enabled to squeeze out the whole of my body, and taking the cord in my right hand, and twisting my legs about it sailor fashion, I took from between the bars the orange that I had placed there, and deposited it between my shirt and vest, in order to have it at hand; then balancing myself on the ledge, and leaning my shoulder against the wall, I slowly commenced my descent. When I had descended about eighty-four feet, I felt my strength giving way; the tension of the muscles of the arms was too painful for endurance. I again felt about with my feet, and soon discovered a white marble cornice which surrounded the castle; but while I strove to rest my right foot upon it, the cord slipped from between my legs, and after making vain efforts to recover it, I looked below, and fancying myself not more than six feet from the ground, I stretched out my arms and let myself drop in such a way that my feet should first touch the ground, but that I should fall on all fours. This calculation was the work of a second; but what a time elapsed before I reached the ground! I shudder now to recall it! I had fallen twenty feet! There was a quantity of mud and broken pieces of brick and cement at the bottom of the fosse, and against this I struck first my knees and then my feet. The blow was tremendous. I turned round almost mechanically, and for a few moments lost all consciousness. On coming to myself, I felt a dreadful pain in the right knee and foot, and I feared besides that my arm was broken, so agonising was the sensation. After some minutes I managed to get at the orange, and moistening my burning lips, I revived. Gradually the pain in my arms diminished, not so the knee or the foot; moreover my body was covered with wounds and bruises. I contrived, however, to take off my trousers and shirt, which, I suppose, my discomfited judges found afterwards under the window of my cell, together with the MS., the book, and the orange peel; and opening my bundle, I put on two shirts, and dressed myself in a decent suit. In changing my shoes, the pain in my foot was fearful; but I hoped it would pass off, and attributed it to the hurt I had first received in falling from the chair. I crept from under the window, and in so doing looked up to my cell. 'I shall never attempt that feat a second time,' thought I, with a shudder; and, keeping to the left, I passed under the arch that leads from the castle into the city, and then under the second opening into the Gonzaga place. Opposite the latter is the opening through which the waters of the lake can be turned into the fosse. Here the mud and mire was thicker than before; but I hoped to reach the other side, and once on the margin of the lake, to hide myself among the reeds and bushes that grow in these localities, until five o'clock in the morning, when the bridge gates would be opened, and I might get into the main road and go my way. No such chance! The arch was barred on the other side. I returned. Maddened by the obstacles that threatened failure to my plans after such tremendous difficulties had been overcome, I forced a nail in between two bricks of the arch, and planted my left foot upon it, clinging with my hands to some broken bricks above. I then set my right foot on the nail, and had already touched the top with my right hand, when the muscles seemed to give way, and I dropped powerless on the wall. What I suffered no words can express; the other half of the orange again revived me, and here again, I doubt not, the peel served afterwards to show my persecutors the road I had taken. Prostrate as were my bodily powers, my courage remained unshaken. After a few moments' repose, I let myself drop on to a slope of marshy earth deposited by the water. I crept to another archway, which connects the castle with one of the military storehouses, and found myself in front of that portion of the castle overlooking the street leading to the gate of S. Giorgio, to the bridge of the same name, and to the lake. At the left angle of the fosse is a stone aqueduct, through which the water runs from the street into the fosse, and thence into the lake. I had with me a cord, which I had found one night in the keeper's room, whither he had taken me to settle our accounts. Flung it over the pine, I clung to it, but I had not strength to clamber up; I tried every conceivable means—in vain; my right foot fell powerless every time I attempted to rest it against the wall; and, fearing lest the dawning light should disclose me to the sentinels who guard the gate of S. Giorgio, I retreated behind the castle."

"All hope of salvation now left me, but I was totally indifferent. I resigned myself to the thought of being recaptured, chained to the wall, and of being speedily despatched by the hangman. 'At least I shall have done with all this suffering,' I thought. All agonised and prostrate as I was, I neither cared for liberty nor for any earthly thing—this truly was the time for resignation, and I was resigned. I slept for about an hour, and awoke trembling with age, scarcely able to move my leg. Tumultuous thoughts crowded together in my brain. Before descending, I had left a paper in my cell dated the 29th, and addressed to the president. In it I informed him, that having one day climbed up to the window to get a mouthful of fresh air, I had fallen backwards from the bars, with some of them in my hand. Surprised at this, I examined the second grating, and found there also one bar sawed through, and the wall in such a state that I had but to remove some of the bricks, and taking this discovery as an indication of God's willingness to assist me, I resolved on attempting my escape, and that whether I succeeded or not in my attempt, I left these lines to testify that the members of the Special Court of Justice had treated me well."

"I had been recaptured, nothing would have wrung from me any further disclosure, the judges might have ridiculed the assertion; but for all that, they had no method of proving its falsity, for neither about my person nor in my cell had I left the least trace of the saws. Doubtless these worthies would not have troubled themselves for proof; but sure that prison doors did not open of themselves, they would have administered the bastinado, and hastening on the sentence of death, would have executed me without ceremony. As day dawned, I rose and tried to walk, if only to get a little warmth into my leg, the torture being almost unendurable, and the knee frightfully swollen. I round the castle the track of my footsteps remained. At five a.m. the gates were opened, and a youth of about twenty was the first to pass. I called to him and entreated him to help me out of the ditch, saying that I had got drunk the night before, and so had fallen in. He passed on, taking no notice whatever of my entreaties; two others followed, saying 'Povero Signore,' and looking down into the fosse, 'if we attempt to help you, we shall only get ourselves into trouble, and do you no good,' and they too went on their way. The next that passed stopped at my call; I threw them the cord, they took it, and I was abut to ascend by it, when suddenly they let go. Other people were passing! As for me, a hope-crazed and fearless as I was, I put the same question to every passer by. It would at that moment have been utterly indifferent to me if some of them had given the alarm."

"Presently came a peasant lad or robust and careless aspect. 'Give me a helping hand,' said I, 'I have fallen down.' Without further ado, he took hold of the cord, and I tried to rise, but not being strong enough to bear my weight, I said to him, 'Cali another.'"

"It being Sunday, there were many passers to and from the city. Two took hold of the cord, and by gigantic efforts, not without cutting myself with stones, I reached the top, and then these two men, taking hold of me underneath the armpits, landed me safely on the ground. Had they lost an instant, I must have fallen back into the ditch, for I was utterly incapable of a single effort more."

"All this happened at a quarter to six a.m. in broad daylight. At six the turnkeys would enter my cell and discover my flight!"

"Once safely on the high road, I turned to thank my saviours, saying— 'Understand what you have done; I am a political prisoner!'"

"The people near us made off at once. 'They are coming a ter you,' said one of the two. 'I cannot stand upright,' I answered, 'and I must pass this bridge.'"

"They threw the cord into the lake; I followed them, looking behind me at every step. I limped along as best I could; I was covered with mud and dust, my hands were all bleeding; they were about ten paces from me at starting, but so slowly could I get along, that they were fifty ahead of me when they reached the other side of the bridge."

"That bridge! Its length seemed eternal. As I reached the other side, I

glanced as by instinct to the left, and there was the gaunt black scaffolding to which the condemned ones pass. 'Here Calvi passed,' I thought; 'and here I yet may pass, for I am by no means through my perils.' I impeded on between the sentinels who guard the bridge, and when we were out of their sight, the two men waited for me to join them."

"Whither did they conduct me? All round the lake are cane fields, and in one of these I concealed myself, sunk up to my waist in mire, until the evening. Where I then went, or who aided me, I leave to the Austrian police to discover. Let it suffice them to know, that such is the intense hate of the Lombards for their Austrian spoilers, that any native of the Lombardo-Venetian soil would have done as much for me, or for any other prisoner escaped from their clutches. From my soul I thank those brave peasant lads, who knowingly risked their all to help me in my hour of need."

"For eight days I could not stir hand or foot, but had to be carried to and fro like a child. The devoted kindness I met with from every one with whom I came in contact, the total forgetfulness of risk incurred, or danger courted in sheltering or assisting me, can only be accounted for on the score of the undying love of the Italians for their native land, and the hate, as deathless, that they bear to the spoilers of our beloved Italy. With tears in their eyes did these noble hearts gather round me, gaze at me, and wondering at the feat I had accomplished, supposing me still capable of greater deeds, would fling themselves round my neck, exclaiming—"

"You will return to us again; you will come with soldiers, and, bringing us good news, you will lead us out to battle for our Italy, to drive out these tyrants from our homes!"

"And mark! you who, in the enjoyment of every blessing that free institutions and a government of your own choice insure, say and write that the Italians are satisfied with, are happy under, the paternal rule of Austria, this entirely was not made to me by a few individuals, by a band of patriots—it was the cry of whole masses, uttered in different forms, but breathing the same spirit throughout."

"And, so help me God! the courage, astuteness, and strength of will, only acquired in years of imprisonment and wrestling with injustice, shall yet avail in the fulfilment of the desires of those noble hearts, who, in their passionate love of country and of liberty, forgot all else, saw not even the Austrian bayonet, which, like the sword of Damocles, hung suspended by a hair above their heads, not only of those who helped and concealed me, but also of those who merely rendered me the negative service of not denouncing me to the police!"

We have quoted enough to show the interesting character of Orsini's pages. His narrative is clear and rapid, throughout; the scenes of prison life though which he passed are presented with photographic effect; and altogether, the book is popular in style, and well calculated indeed to inspire generous Englishmen with a profound disgust for the hateful tyranny which Austria exercises in the Italian Peninsula.

**PARLIAMENTARY INCIDENT.**—A curious circumstance took place on the third reading of the County Courts Bill. When the bill passed through committee, an attempt was made to increase the compensation to be given to certain clerks from one-fourth of their emoluments to one-third, and failed. This attempt was renewed on the third reading, and a number of these clerks were about the House anxiously watching the fate of this last effort. Well, it succeeded. The motion was made, the House divided, and the clause was carried; and of course the clerks were very much delighted. It is said that they all went to some neighbouring hotel to celebrate their triumph. But, alas! the old proverb about the cup and the lip was again verified; for no sooner were they gone, than some cunning Member suggested, "that as the motion created a new charge upon the revenue, by the standing order, it could only originate in a committee of the whole House, and therefore the passing of it by the House on the third reading was informal." The Speaker was appealed to, and at once decided that it was so, and the clause was struck out. Fancy the dismay of the clerks when they read this in the "Times" the next morning!

**BRITANNIA IN DANGER.**—If we are to believe a very circumstantial letter from Munich, Britannia's maritime power has had a very narrow escape from the total destruction which awaited it had a third naval campaign been opened this year in the Bay of Finland. From this letter we learn that a certain Bavarian corporal named Bauer, who, in 1840, made some unsuccessful experiments with a diving-vessel in Kiel harbour, had since then brought his labours to a successful result; the letter which he wrote home announcing this fact was indited seventeen feet below the surface of the sea, off Cronstadt, June 24, and in the company of the writer, in his vessel, were at the time a Russian naval officer, eight sailors, and a smith. This experiment had been preceded by eight others for the purpose of testing the capacity of the vessel, and it was to be succeeded in a few days by a grander one in the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine, and a committee named for the purpose. On the occasion here alluded to, the crew of eleven persons remained eight hours, without interruption, under water; and, in addition to the letter-writing feat, and the drinking of divers bottles of Rhine wine to the healths of various European potentates, they performed during that time all sorts of evolutions with the vessel, moving backwards and forwards, rising and sinking, whether vertically or at an angle, whether rapidly or slowly, &c. In short, the only circumstance connected with the description that at all suggests an opening for scepticism is, that the letter was written by the inventor himself; when we have another description, written by an impartial person, we shall know better what to think about the matter.

**THE CAPE AND INDIA MAILS.**—The Government has accepted a tender for a contract for a monthly mail to and from the Cape of Good Hope, and extending from thence to Mauritius and Calcutta, landing and receiving mails at Point de Galle and Madras. The service is to be performed to and from the Cape in thirty-six days each way, and the whole service to Calcutta in seventy-one days outward and sixty-nine days homeward. By this means the Cape will have a monthly mail out and home; it will also have a monthly mail to and from Mauritius, India, China, Australia, and all parts of the East, in connection with the Peninsular and Oriental Mails, and the new Australian mails, all touching at Point de Galle; and the island of Mauritius will have two mails monthly to and from England, one by way of the Cape and one by way of Point de Galle; one mail monthly to and from the Cape; and one mail monthly to and from Point de Galle, Madras, Calcutta, Australia, and all parts of the East. All the British possessions eastward of the Cape will therefore now have intercontinental mails with each other monthly, and all will have at least one mail monthly both ways, while many of them will have two mails each way, and some three mails each way every month with England.

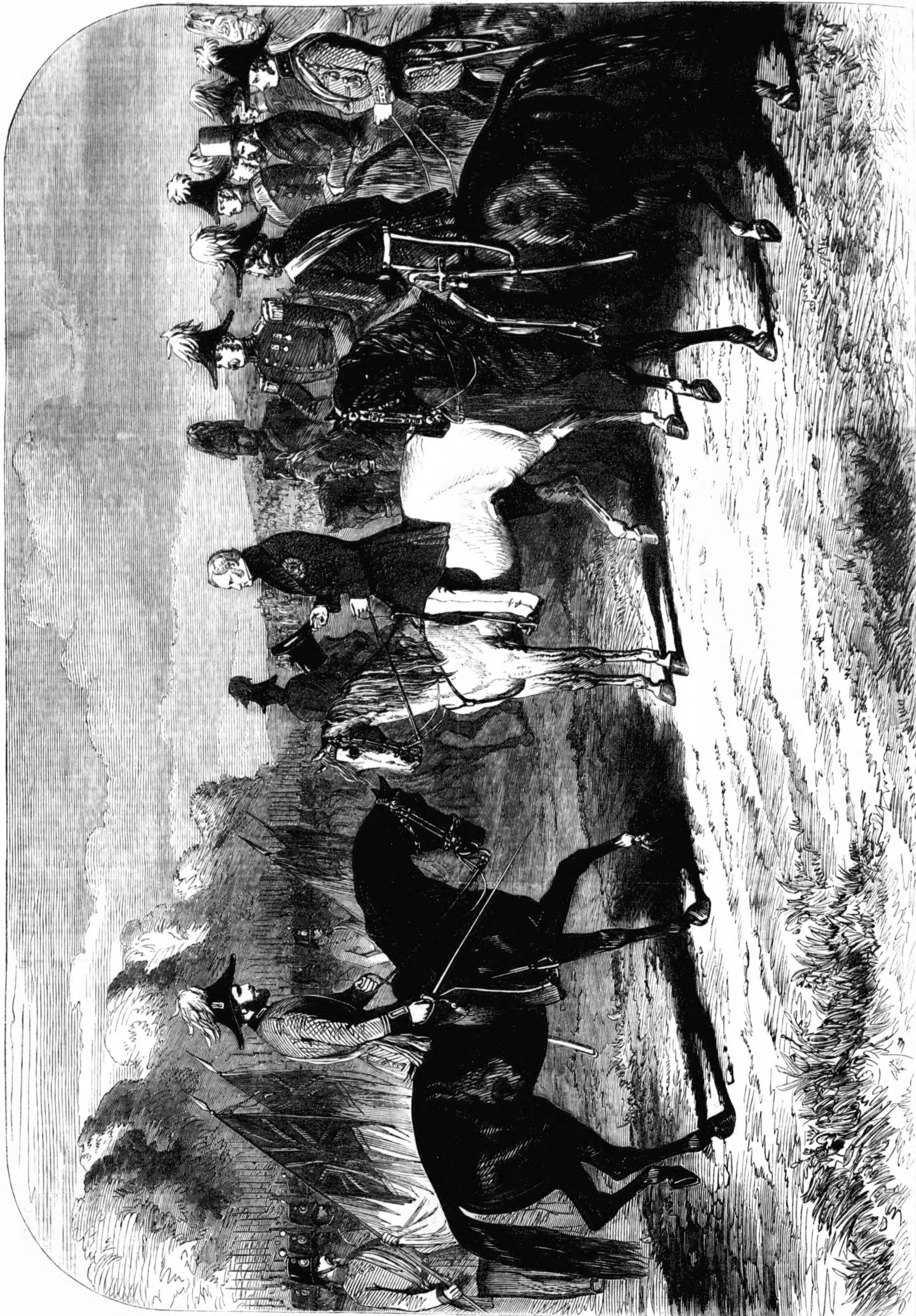
**THE HEIDELBERG DUELS.**—In no town in Europe is duelling more extensively practised than in Heidelberg. The University students regard it as an amusement, and the slightest provocation elicits a "challenge," so that five is the lowest daily average. The police is ever on the alert to catch the students in the act; but they warily obviate its interference by means of old women, who, armed with red umbrellas and pan pipes, convey a series of telegraphic signals on the approach of any "questionable shape." The duels take at a tavern near the town, at seven in the morning; the combatants are padded, leaving only the face bare, and use swords sharpened at the point; no sooner does one draw blood than the engagement is over.

## REVIEW OF THE BRITISH GERMAN LEGION IN THE EAST.

THE British German Legion, the Jagers, &c. (Jiggers as they are called by the genuine British soldier) were reviewed on Wednesday, the 2nd of July, previous to their return to England, by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The Legion was stationed at Kulalee; and thither his Excellency repaired, and was met by General Storks, General Mansfield, and a numerous Staff, with all the ceremony that the Dictator of Turkey is entitled to exact, or at any rate *does* exact. Surrounded by the attachés of the Embassy—public moons, whose chief business it is to reflect the light of their unique lord—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe ascended the hills behind Kulalee barracks. On the summit of these hills (which being barbarian hills, ought hardly to have given his Excellency the trouble of mounting them—but hills will be hills) there is a plateau very well adapted for the evolutions of soldiery; and here the Legion was drawn up in two lines (Lord Redcliffe loves as few lines as possible—*ride the Kars* correspondence). The customary salutes were gone through, the band played in honour of the conqueror of General Williams, and the troops marched past in open and close columns; they then formed in a line of contiguous columns, and then, with a grand salute, the review was concluded. Brigadier Woolrich, who was in command of the troops, then rode up to Lord Redcliffe, and received the crowning honour of that great man's approbation. And it really was justified. The clean, smart, soldierlike appearance of the men, and their steadiness while in motion, were admirable.

Next day the Jagers were embarked on board the *Columbo*, and shortly after the whole Legion sailed for England; where, in the memory of our youngest reader, they have signalled themselves by some striking differences with the British soldiery at Aldershot. Clearly, however, we believe the blame of the differences does not altogether attach to the "Jiggers," whose foreign appellation and ignorance of English have no doubt brought down upon them the active prejudices of our own unsophisticated warriors. We have very good English authority—even English—for the opinion that the German Legion is a fine reliable body of men, well disciplined and well conducted. Their conduct while in the East was most unexceptionable; and had the war continued they would undoubtedly have proved valuable and efficient auxiliaries to the British Army.





LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE REVIEWING THE GERMAN LEGION, AT KULALEE, PREVIOUS TO ITS EMIGRATION.



MEETING OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT EDINBURGH, ILLUSTRATED BY OUR OWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.



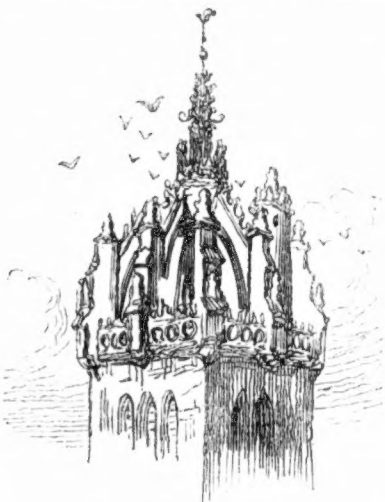
OUR ARCHÆOLOGIST ARRIVES ON SUNDAY—



AND DISCOVERS FORBES MACKENZIE'S BILL.—BEING WITHOUT LUGGAGE, HE IS DECLARED NOT TO BE A "BONA FIDE" TRAVELLER.



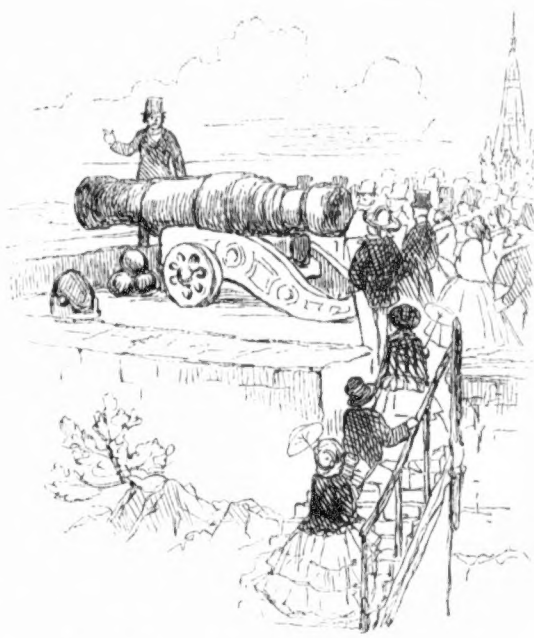
VIEW FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW, WHEN HE DID GET IN.



THE CROWN OF ST. GILES'S SPIRE.



THE VISIT TO THE CASTLE.



MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS GIVES A LECTURE ON MONS MEG.

The Annual Meeting of the Archæological Institute commenced at Edinburgh, on the 22d ult., under the presidency of Lord Talbot de Malahide, and lasted a week. The proceedings went off with unusual *éclat*, being enhanced by the natural beauties of the locality, the generally brilliant weather, and by the very cordial reception and zealous interest of the residents. Never, perhaps, was there such a contest to give information; papers overflowed. The visitors were ready to contribute their experience upon matters general, and the townsfolk historical records, subjects of local interest, and national peculiarities. It was impossible to make full use of all the communications that had been provided for the occasion, and no small disappointment was felt from the fact that interesting papers were being read in two sections at the same time. This was, perhaps, inevitable.



THE TEMPORARY MUSEUM OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

The architectural meetings were held in the Queen Street rooms, the historical in the rooms of the Royal Society. The meeting opened with an address by the Lord Provost, expressing a cordial welcome to the members of the Institute, and this was responded to by Lord Talbot. After a speech from Mr. Cosmo Innes, the Rev. Collingwood Bruce read an essay on "The Practical Advantages accruing from Archæological Inquiries." He directed attention to the Roman division of the great field cultivated by the Archæological Institute and other kindred Societies. He showed that, if the Premier had come to them before venturing on the war with Russia, he would have been taught the necessity of making roads, providing a commissariat, and erecting a solid encampment for the army—according to the practice of the Romans. He then turned to the lessons which antiquity gives us for our improvement in the arts of peace. The

Romans were great builders. Many of their works which have come down to our day are remarkable for their magnitude and their durability. How vast a structure is the Coliseum at Rome—how very remarkably do the lofty walls of Richborough and Pevensey hang together! One cause of the durability of their erections is the excellence of the mortar which they employed. If we had studied their method of making and using it, our buildings would not have the tendency to fall to pieces which they have. He had been informed that when the Durham County Prisons had been built at very great expense, a gentleman requested to be locked up in one of the cells, and to be furnished with a piece of iron hoop. In the course of an hour he liberated himself. Towards the conclusion of his address, Mr. Bruce adverted to the general claims of Archæology, which he characterised as the handmaid of History. It supplies many of the facts with which the historian deals. The documentary materials which are available for the compilation of the early history of Britain are exceedingly scanty. When we have exhausted the highly interesting but brief narratives of Cæsar and Tacitus, we have little else on which we can rely. For



OUR ARCHÆOLOGIST DISCOVERS CERTAIN UNPLEASANT ODOURS IN THE COWGATE.



DISCOVERS SOME NEWHAVEN FISHWIVES.



IN THE EVENING, DISCOVERS TODDY.



a knowledge of some of the mighty movements that occurred during the long period that elapsed between the arrival of Caesar and the departure of the Romans, we are entirely dependent on the spade and pickaxe. Again, as confirmatory of documentary history, how invaluable are the researches of the archaeologist! We have had a splendid illustration of this recently in the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. But Archaeology is not simply valuable as a purveyor of facts and evidences for the use of the historian. It elevates the mind of man; it enlarges his soul; it divests us of a part of our selfishness; it lifts us out of the rut of our everyday life; it makes our hearts beat in sympathy with those who cannot repay us even the "tribute of a sigh;" it educes affections which bless us and tend to make us blessings to all around, but which are apt to be dried up by too long and too intimate an acquaintance with the market-place and the exchange.

On Wednesday, after a paper by Mr. Laing on Heriot's Hospital, Lord Neaves read an interesting essay on the Ossianic Controversy. After which the company assembled in the Hall of Heriot's Hospital, where they were hospitably entertained by the Provost and Governors. They afterwards passed into the Grayfriars Burial Ground, and visited the most celebrated localities in the old town, under the guidance of Mr. Robert Chambers, who proved himself a well-qualified and most zealous cicerone. The Castle was of course the main object of attraction, and when the company had assembled on the ramparts, Mr. Chambers favoured them with some learned remarks on "Mons Meg," which were listened to with an eagerness that was quite in keeping with the enthusiasm of the open air lecturer. On Thursday, a special train conveyed the Archaeologists to the Tweedside Abbeys, and first to Abbotsford, which was thrown open to the members by Mr. J. Hope Scott, at the rate of sixpence per head. After lunching at the George Inn at Melrose, a considerable time was devoted to exploring the ruins of the Abbey, where a great want was felt of some one to explain the architectural features of the building. The same deficiency would have been felt also in the Abbeys of Dryburgh and Kelso, but as the rain set in heavily during the latter part of the excursion, lecturing, even if prepared, would have been impracticable on the spot.

On Friday, after numerous papers, an excursion was made to Dirlston Castle, and a deeply interesting paper was read in the evening "On Vestiges of Roman Surgery and Medicine in Scotland and England," by Prof. Simpson. On Saturday, papers were read and lectures delivered in the temporary Museum, after which the visitors proceeded through the old town to Holyrood Palace and its beautiful ruined Chapel; Mr. J. H. Parker here volunteered, and in St. Giles's Church also, some remarks upon their architectural features. Many of them he pronounced to be identical with those of France. A large party assembled at Mr. R. Chambers's residence in the evening, and were entertained with a series of airs, chiefly Scottish, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

On Monday, after various papers in the Sections, and one in particular upon "Documents connected with the Coronation Stone of Scone," by Mr. Joseph Hunter, excursions were made to Borthwick Castle, Hawthornden, and the Castle and Chapel of Roslyn. The excursions were neither arranged nor conducted with the experience or precision which have hitherto characterised the expeditions of the Archaeological Institute. The distance of Borthwick from the capital was too great to be accomplished in an afternoon journey, with Roslyn and Hawthornden. But the weather was delightful, and every one seemed to enjoy all that it was possible to achieve.

Without the quaint moralities of the appointed guide and Mr. J. H. Parker's voluntary observations, the beautiful chapel of Roslyn would have had no interpreter, whilst such a scene would have been, of all others, the best adapted for a set architectural paper. On Tuesday, Major Macpherson gave an interesting account of his recent excavations and discoveries at Kerke (Pentapneum), in the Crimen, which, with a few more communications, papers, and certain regular business forms, terminated the proceedings; but many of the visitors lingered longer than usual, and an earnest desire was expressed that the Museum might not be so speedily dismembered as usual after the close of the meeting. To meet this feeling, it was arranged that the collection should remain intact four or five days longer, and that access should be afforded to non-members by means of five shilling tickets for the extra days, and half-crown tickets available for one day only. The plan appears to have given universal satisfaction.

The Museum was lighted for the *conversazione* on Monday evening, and presented a brilliant effect. As a collection, it exceeded all that the Institute had hitherto accomplished. It afforded a glorious opportunity for the display of family and national relics; and as every article was carefully labelled, the pleasure of inspection was greatly enhanced. Perhaps the most interesting department was an assemblage of all the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots known to exist in the north. Among all these, the half-length contributed by the Earl of Morton, from the collection at Dalmahoy, stands pre-eminent. It is painted with firmness, and closely resembles the countenance of the effigy on the monument in Westminster Abbey. It was a singular omission, considering the authenticity of that effigy, executed for her son, and, in fact, the only positive evidence we have of Mary's features, that no plaster cast of the bust was contributed to the collection. A charming drawing, by Janet, in red and black chalk, on white paper, exhibited by Dr. Wellesley, of Oxford, may be regarded as next in point of interest. It is the artist's finished study for the picture now in the royal collection at Hampton Court. A large portrait, contributed by the Leith Trinity House, has many claims to particular attention: it is very similar to a small miniature of admirable workmanship preserved in the print-room of the British Museum.

On the opposite wall to the Mary portraits was an interesting series of paintings of the Pretenders and Cardinal York, many of them very superior in workmanship. But Lord, as old Pepsy would say, to see the infinite number of gloves, pincushions, muffs, handkerchiefs, book-covers, &c., embroidered by Queen Mary's hands—the straw-hat of her rival of England,—relics of Mary of Modena,—Queen Anne's gloves,—John Knox's bible and chair,—King Charles's gold embroidered skull-cap,—Montrose's satin and lace ditto, with stockings and handkerchief,—the poet Gray's commonplace book,—Burns's gauging-rod,—together with countless rings, tablets, &c., said to have belonged to ancient worthies, all carefully displayed under glass! They made a wonderful show, and were no doubt the most popular objects of the exhibition; but of a far different order was the wonderful collection of Celtic remains, including some fine Irish specimens, particularly the shrine of St. Patrick's bell, contributed by Dr. Todd, and an ancient Irish harp, exhibited by the Marquis of Breadalbane. The celebrated Needwood Torque, and the far-famed Douglas Jewel, were contributed by her Majesty. The mace of St. Salvador's College, St. Andrew's, afforded a fine example of the workmanship of the middle of the fifteenth century, and displays in the little pendant towers at the corners the striking Scottish peculiarities.

Two beautiful little caskets, adorned with stucco-work, referable to the productions of Francesco Pindaco, mentioned by Vasari, were deposited for exhibition by the Board of Trustees for Manufactures. Among other interesting articles, we noticed:—the Foundation Charter of the Abbey of Kelso, A.D. 1159; exhibited by the Duke of Roxburghe. The initial letter M contains two sitting royal figures, richly coloured and very characteristic of the art of the twelfth century.—Portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and his Lady, one of them dated 1598; contributed by Mr. J. Gibson Craig.—Sculptured Oak Panels, consisting of medallions of heads and quaint figures from the ceiling of the ancient Parliament Hall, Stirling Palace; exhibited by the Marquis of Breadalbane.—A Hand-bell, with curious inscription and monogram, which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; contributed by Mr. R. Bruce, of Kenet.—Terra-cotta Model of Moses, attributed to Michael Angelo, from the collection of Mr. J. Gibson Craig. It was procured at Rome for the late Lord Eldin.—A very fine Portrait, by Guillem Skeetes, of Edward the Sixth of England; exhibited by Mr. Maitland Hogg, of Newliston.

Many charts of extreme antiquity added to the historical interest, and the Duke of Northumberland considerably displayed the so-called "Hotspur's Target" found at Shrewsbury. Numerous specimens of ancient enamel were contributed. One cup was especially fine, being decorated with enamel pictures of subjects from the Old and New Testaments—twelve in all. The Duke of Hamilton sent a magnificent Limoges enamelled triptych, supposed to be by N. Ferricault, rivalled only by another

triptych, belonging to the same noble proprietor, with "the deposition" in enamel, copied exactly from Marc Antonio's engraving after Raphael. It is signed "P. R."

Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, sent a great variety of ancient watches, and all the celebrated ivory carvings which once constituted so important a part of the Féjérváry collection.

The Museum of the Scottish Antiquarian Society, the Palace of Holyrood, the Regalia at the Castle, and all public institutions, were freely thrown open to the members. Among the most important papers contributed by the northern archaeologists, besides those already mentioned, were those of Mr. J. Robertson, "On the Knights Templars of Scotland,"—a sketch of Scottish Architecture; Mr. R. Chambers, "On the Ancient Buildings of Edinburgh;" Mark Napier, Esq., "On the Progress of Science in Scotland," &c. Other papers were contributed by Dr. Guest, Sir Henry Dryden, Messrs. J. M. Kemble, J. L. Pettit, T. Hunter, G. Scharf, jun., A. H. Rhind, and W. S. Walford.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A GERMAN PAINTER.—The subject referred to does not exist as a painting. It was drawn once on the wood by Mr. Gustave Doré.

A. H.—We cannot speak with certainty on the point, but we believe that it is open all the year round.

MILKE is thanked for very sensible letter which has been put into the proper hands.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856.

#### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ALMOST the only political question which excites any attention just now is the Spanish one. What will follow after the present settlement, no Englishman can possibly guess. Spain is in the unfortunate position of having a rotten governing system, and no way of developing from within the means of making it better. When Europe, some centuries ago, was called on to make its choice between constitutions and despotisms, and reformation or the old church, Spain took the worst side. Her kings put down the free institutions, of which (like every nation of Teutonic origin) she had her share. The nobility came up to Madrid, and sunk into grandees; the clergy—as they have ever been in modern times—have been on the side of power; and for three centuries her life has been a long decline. The peasantry are still a noble race, and their fine climate does much for their comfort, but they are childishly ignorant and superstitious; and there do not exist the means of developing the new powers which we have seen in some other countries. It is now abundantly clear that it is only by *constitutions*—not paper ones, but natural growths out of a nation's life—that any country can be free. The alternatives are either despotism or revolutions, and we see, in Spain, that these succeed one another in turns. In such a state of things there is no growth—there is only action and re-action; and twenty years pass and leave things in all essentials as they were before. It is a good sign that the people fight so well; but where there is a standing army, the success will naturally be on the side it chooses to take. We repeat, that when a country is in such a condition, you cannot predict events in it. You can tell by appearances when corn will be ripe, or how the tide will be this day week, but the movements of volcanoes are not so regular. The most one can say is, that such convulsions as these revolutions shake the system and prepare the way for change, and that the Spanish Bourbons are probably doomed; but that is all, and darkness is over the future.

The attitude of Napoleon towards Spain is not satisfactory. The article in the "Moniteur" was calculated to irritate large bodies of men, both in Spain and over the rest of Europe, and the movements of the French army will be watched with jealous attention; but it is pretty generally believed that direct intervention will not be attempted by the Emperor; nor ought the countenance of this country (if that be worth his attention) to be given to it.

It is these disturbances which, as much as anything, keep up the world's interest in military and naval questions. This week we have had our attention directed to the latter in particular; and we are very anxious that our readers should know that the naval affairs of the country are far from being as they ought to be. Not but that we have now many vessels in commission which are in good order—thanks to the war. The defect is, that we have not permanently and continuously the means of finding seamen for our fleets, owing to our increased commerce, the great competition of America, and the bad routine at headquarters. This is more especially a pity, when we consider that the condition of the seaman in the navy is much better than it used to be. It is a curious fact, that service under Government should be so little popular in this country, for the "King's shaff" ought to be "better than another man's corn," as Sancho Panza says; at least, employment under Government ought to have many advantages. All late attempts to establish reserved supplies of men have been failures; yet, without these, we are always liable to ships, and must in such cases send off badly-manned, undisciplined ships. Certainly, our navy is not thought so formidable as it used to be—for instance, by the French, who take great pains with their marine service, and who have more than once been of superior force to us in the Mediterranean within the last twenty years. But all these representations fall unheeded on the Admiralty—"Vexing the dull ears of the drowsy men."

There is not a department of our whole administration more thoroughly in need of reform. And the spread of our commerce makes it from day to day more important that we should consider the matter, and not go on "heaping up riches," yet "taking no care to defend them," as Sir William Williams told us.

The half-yearly returns of revenue continue to be favourable, and

in that respect no nation makes more rapid advancement. Let us only hope the country may not get too fat to be active, through sheer prosperity, like its prize cattle.

The recess has always this advantage, that it brings domestic topics, such as railway management, &c., before the public. During this week, we have had in the "Times" a very excellent letter on the propriety of making the railway companies improve their signal system. Now, here we see, in little, the evils which belong to our administration, in large. A railway is a small Government, with its own kind of "routine" and its own form of "red-tape." Managers have their pet "systems" like statesmen, and we daresay feel very angry at the press for meddling with them. *Apropos* of this, there is a tendency, as shown in the Scotch case, to "swinge" newspapers now, in courts of law. We are all getting far too squeamish about public criticism, a task absolutely demanding freedom of handling. Why do not the men who are so sore about a little plain speaking, take the trouble to turn up the files of old newspapers or old volumes of "Hansard," and see what our grandfathers used to do in this way!

#### THE WOMEN-FLOGGERS OF MARYLEBONE.

EVERY one knows what a great place Marylebone is for liberty of every kind—such as civil and religious liberty, liberty of the subject, liberty of the press, liberty of discussion, and every other kind of liberty which ought or ought not to be taken. If liberty were for a time to disappear from the earth, we should find it again in the Marylebone vestry.

Such at least had long been our opinion until we read the report of the proceedings at the meeting of the Directors and Guardians of the Marylebone workhouse, in connection with the "alleged flogging" of women, which turns out to have been an allegation of great veracity. From this report it appears, that after a long discussion between fourteen of the magistrates of Marylebone, a new kind of liberty was mentioned, that is to say, the liberty, as enjoyed by the master of the workhouse, of flogging those unfortunate women and girls who have been driven by poverty to seek relief from the parish. At all events, the master of the Workhouse and two of his accomplices were let off with a gentle reprimand, after it had been proved that they had at different times inflicted the severest torture on several of the female inmates. If this be not sanction, it is at all events toleration, which is the next thing to it; and it should be remembered that the toleration of a grave crime is something more than the sanction of a slight offence.

If such brutalities had occurred in the workhouse of any other parish than that of Marylebone, we can fancy what the indignation of the Marylebone orators would have been. Even as it is, there is not a man among the guardians who would not join us in a cry against Austrian despotism as manifested in the person of Haynau, the woman-beater. And yet, the guardians who support such a brute as the master of their workhouse has been proved to be, are really as guilty as the Austrian General, for it must not be supposed that the Marshal flogged the Hungarian women with his own hands any more than the guardians have done in the case of the female paupers. It is not even known that he absolutely directed flagellation should be inflicted at all, but it *was* inflicted by persons acting generally under his orders and whose conduct was countenanced by him, and therefore to him the guilt attaches. In the same way the man appointed by the Marylebone guardians and acting under their general direction, flogs, and in some cases literally fays, the women who are left at his mercy; and in order to prove that they feel no abhorrence for his conduct, when it is proposed to dismiss him the majority refuse to countenance even so mild a punishment as that, and insist on retaining their executioner in office. We do not know whether the Marylebone guardians drink beer, but supposing they do, we can only say that if a circular were sent round to the London brewhouses, stating the true facts of the case in question, they would probably find it a dangerous experiment to order a barrel in person.

To convince our readers that we are not exaggerating the extent to which torture was inflicted on the female paupers—and for no apparent cause, be it remembered—we quote the following paragraph from the report of the meeting of the guardians:—

"The Secretary stated that he sent for the women who had been brutally ill-used, and had their backs examined by a woman appointed by the Magistrate, named Charlotte Garratt. It was clearly evident that they had been subjected to much brutality, as their shoulders and backs were much discoloured and in weals, Garratt stating that the girl Sullivan's back was covered with weals from her arms down to her loins."

The master of the workhouse, who appears to us armed at one time with a cane, at another with a heavy riding-whip, is named Ryan. His assistants, who do his bidding, and on whom he would fain throw the whole of his guilt, rejoice in the highly distinctive appellations of Brown and Green.

Ryan appears to fancy that he was intended by nature for a military man; and he certainly would have commanded Austrian soldiers, or Neapolitan *sbirri*, in a highly satisfactory manner. Thus Ryan, after he has organised an attack on the workhouse girls, draws his cane and whistles, when Brown and Green, each armed with a cane, rush forward, charge the unfortunate creatures, and succeed in producing those "long stripes from which the blood oozed," noticed by the house surgeon.

Ryan denies having beaten the girls, but the evidence of Brown and Green, and the girls' own statements—to say nothing of their backs—settle this point. Ryan, at the same time, admits to have witnessed the attack made upon the women by Brown and Green. Ryan only bought the canes at the suggestion of Brown and Green, and he should never have thought of the whip if it had not been given to him by the assistant-matron. He may have lost his temper, but he ought to be excused, because "he had been greatly annoyed in endeavouring to introduce a system of good management."

Green exhibits as much *naïveté* as Ryan. He beat the women with his cane for a most extraordinary reason, and simply because "he could not strike a woman with his fist!"

When it was proposed to dismiss the master, Mr. Botting, made a suggestion to the effect that he should be reprimanded, and only dismissed on a repetition of such conduct.

Dr. Gourlay was more considerate still, and urged "the officers should simply be admonished instead of being reprimanded!"

After this we should scarcely have been surprised if another of the guardians, in imitation of certain proceedings across the water, had proposed presenting Mr. Ryan with a whip mounted in silver, and his two accomplices with a couple of Malacca canes.

BURNING OF A LIVERPOOL SCREW STEAMER.—The Italian screw steamer, Captain Hamilton, from Liverpool to Genoa, was discovered to be on fire in the forehold, off Cape Finisterre, when the hatches were battened down, and she made for Lisbon. She arrived on the 28th ult., still on fire, and was run aground. Engines were immediately brought to play upon her: but her destruction was unavoidable.



## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS cannot complain, at any rate, that his talent is unappreciated. It appeared, during his recent examination before the Court of Common Pleas, that his professional earnings, between March, 1855, and March, 1856, amounted to £10,350.

THE LITURIC TELEGRAPH in the Desert between Cairo and Suix, has been completed; and it is to be hoped that to untoward delay will arise in the construction of the railway across the Desert, to as to have as little room as possible for mishaps in the transit.

THE THUNDERBOLT reached from 120 to 145 in the sun on Friday and Saturday week, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth.

COLONEL LAKE was publicly fêted at Ipswich last week.

TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS have already been sent by the Lord Mayor of London for the relief of the sufferers by the late inundations in France. In announcing his intention of closing the fund, the Lord Mayor expresses a confident hope that he may be enabled to send £50,000 more.

THE STUPENDIOUS MAGISTRATE OF LIVERPOOL, Mr. J. S. Mansfield, tried 21967 cases during the last year. Mr. Maule, at Manchester, tried 15,095.

SIR WILLIAM COBBINGTON is to succeed General Lord Seaton in the command of the troops stationed in Ireland.

THE CANADIAN PAPERS report most favourably of the state of the crops, particularly those of wheat, in Upper Canada and the Western States.

THE RUSSIANS are about to erect fresh fortifications in the Allied Islands, and not far from Bonaparte.

MARSHAL PELISSIER stopped one day at the Pyrenees and Athens. It was commented upon in that city that he did not seek an audience of the Queen.

THE WILL of the late Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who died possessed of property worth £150,000, was written upon half a sheet of letter paper.

A PARTY OF AMERICAN GENTLEMEN, travelling recently in Egypt, and feeling disposed for a little ride practice, actually made a target of the Sphinx!

A BRACON is being erected on the Skerries of Strom, Pentland Firth. The erection is to be of iron, and will stand forty-five feet high.

GENERAL WILLIAMS last week distributed the prizes to the students of the London University College.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, like a true Lord of the Admiralty, has taken a dog-cart with him to St. Petersburg, and his smallest tiger.

THE DECOMPOSED BODY of a short stout Jewish-looking man, with £520 worth of Australian notes in his pocket, and the corpse bearing the marks of several stabs on it, has been found in the Thames.

THE CAMP AT ALDERSHOTT will be reduced for the winter to ten regiments of infantry.

THE EMIGRATION from the ports of the United Kingdom, last quarter, was less by nearly 6000 than the emigration (66,111) in the spring quarter of 1855, and was less than half the average emigration (113,141) of the corresponding quarters of the eight years 1847-54.

THE RUSSIANS are fitting out a scientific expedition for a voyage round the world.

IN ABERDEENSHIRE, a beggar, on being searched, was found to have on him a bank deposit receipt for £120, £19 in bank-notes, and between £3 and £4 in cash.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, from her privy purse, has purchased, fitted up, and presented to the Emperor the residence in which Queen Hortense died.

AT ST. PETERSBURG the censorship is more severe than ever it was.

M. DE TURGOR, the French Ambassador at Madrid, it is said, will be recalled.

IN THE POSSIBLE EVENT of the new Opera House in Covent Garden not being completed in time next spring, Mr. Gye has become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre for a period extending from March to September, 1857, in order to make it available for the opera.

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE is about to bring out a new work, entitled "De Geld-dinck," "The Demon of Gold," and has made arrangements for the early publication of a translation in this country.

PRINCE ARBUTHNOT, it is stated, has bought an enormous tract of land in Australia, which in about twenty years will return about one thousand times as much as all the Saxons, Coburgs and Gothas, in Germany put together.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART announces that in the spring of 1856 an exhibition of works of ornamental art will take place; its principal feature will be an exhibition of those works of ornamental art as articles of commerce, which have been carried out by those who have derived instruction from the schools of art.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE has recently made an interesting acquisition in a very beautiful collection of casts of the best and most characteristic examples of very carving. They are exhibited in the Arundel Court, close to the new Ceramic Court.

THE FIRST SOUTH AUSTRALIAN RAILWAY was opened for traffic last April. IN THE LATE SESSION 120 public acts were passed, and in the preceding session the number was 134.

EARL GRANVILLE and suite arrived on Saturday at Hamburg, and left on Monday for Kiel and Russia.

AN OFFICER belonging to a light infantry regiment, now on leave of absence in England, has been ordered to rejoin his regiment immediately in India, for the purpose of being tried by a general court-martial, on serious charges brought against him by his commanding officer.

GOUST CHREPOVITCH, c-devant Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Russia to the King of the Belgians, and now appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, has arrived at Brussels.

A COURT was to be held at Lyons on Tuesday, to decide on a cause unique in the judicial annals of France. A young soldier of the class of 1856 has refused to learn his exercise, because the religious sect to which he belongs forbids the use of arms.

MR. ISAAC BUTT, M.P. for Youghal, has been presented by the provision merchants of Cork with a service of plate valued at upwards of £100.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has arrived in Paris from the waters of Vichy.

THE NINTH ANNUAL BANQUET of the Vegetarian Society took place last week in the City Hall, Glasgow, and was numerously and respectfully attended.

TWO MEN were apprehended at Harewood, on Friday week, while in possession of thirty-six watches, with guards and seals, supposed to have been stolen at Ripon.

THE MEMBERS of the military gun trade of Birmingham have presented Mr. Munz, M.P., and Mr. Newdegate, M.P., with testimonials to mark their sense of the important services which those gentlemen rendered to the trade and to the country at large in the Small Arms Committee, which sat two years ago.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN, it is rumoured, will be translated to the see of London, rendered vacant by the resignation of Dr. Blomfield.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. GEORGE BANKES bequeathed £500 towards building an additional wing to the Dorset County Hospital.

MR. JOHN FROST, the Chartist, is about to become a political lecturer.

A PORTUGUESE MERCHANT, named Basilio do Cunha-Reis, has been apprehended in New York, charged with being engaged in the slave traffic.

THE AUTHORITIES of Moscow have voted a sum of 50,000 silver roubles from the reserve capital possessed by the city, for the expenses that will be entailed by the coronation fêtes.

DOVE will be executed to-day (Saturday).

SUNDAY NEXT, the 10th of August, will probably be marked by an unusual number of those remarkable meteors which caused that day to be called "dies meteorica" in some old MS. calendars. The probability is heightened by the excessive heat and irregularity of the weather.

ALL THE OMNIBUS COMPANIES of Berlin are about to amalgamate into one, as has been effected in Paris and London.

THE COLLIERIES employed in the Oaks colliery, near Barnsley, still remain out on strike, and there is no immediate prospect of an adjustment. They persist in their determination not to return to work until the manager is dismissed, on the ground, as alleged, of his imprudently and safely to conduct the operations of the pit.

THE GRAND STAIRCASE of the Army and Navy Club is about to be enriched by the erection of a memorial window, in commemoration of officers who have fallen in different engagements.

A SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT of the "Kilkenny Moderator" states that a shower of black rain, which seems to have escaped general observation, fell over Kilkenny on the 25th ult. He has preserved some specimens of it, from which it appears that the drops were of a densely sable hue.

THE RUSSIAN VICE-ADMIRAL GLASNAF has arrived at Christina on what he is pleased to call "a scientific journey," but really to inspect the ports, naval establishments, and national defences, and to send his reports to St. Petersburg.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON lately occurred on the farm of Monkstodt, Skye. One morning, a rent was discovered to have been made in the earth, about 400 yards long by about 160 broad. This strange circumstance is attributed to the effects either of an earthquake or of lightning.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

ANY person well acquainted with Mr. Thackeray's writings will recollect that one of this author's principal objects has been to show that there is no reason why gentlemen owning literature as a profession, should consider that, on that account, they are to be freed from the responsibilities of other ordinary mortals. In fact, that because Brown writes an epic poem, or Jones is recognised as the author of a good three-volume novel, Brown or Jones must not plead eccentricity of genius as the excuse for the non-payment of tailors' or washwomen's bills, any more than Robinson, who keeps a cheese-monger's shop. This axiom is of course perfectly undeniable, and I doubt not has had good effect on society in general; coming from a man in Mr. Thackeray's position it bears weight, and many a clever loose-living "Gentleman of the Press," has doubtless done with fewer creature comforts, "forsooth sack and lived cleanly," in order to come up to the standard prescribed by the great moralist. Last week, however, has furnished us with another view of moral irresponsibility as exemplified in another profession. Mr. Charles James Mathews, who is the lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, was arrested for debt at Preston, lodged in Lancaster Castle, and on Friday last, brought up for examination. The insolvent was unopposed, except that a suggestion was made that a portion of his future earnings should be set apart for the benefit of the creditors. This application was, for some technical reason, refused. Mr. Mathews was discharged, and the Judge of the Court, in his address to the insolvent, stated that the insolvency was attributable to losses incurred in the management of the Lyceum Theatre, that he, the Judge, saw no reason to doubt that being the case, that under ordinary circumstances, such a schedule as was exhibited would require cautious investigation, but that a person in the insolvent's profession was obliged to incur considerable risk, that the obligations were contracted with that understanding, that there was a knowledge on the insolvent's part that his profession was an uncertain one, and that the creditors seemed to enter into this idea by their non-appearance. Ergo, the immediate discharge. Now, Sir, this appears to me absolute nonsense; and, further, it appears to me that some more notice should be taken of this matter than the conventional shoulder-shrug, and the smiling "Charles Mathews again, eh!" Let us have some rule laid down on the subject. Either an actor is a responsible person who must pay his way in the world, taking his share of risk as most of us do, and suffering when he is unable to pay, or he is a jovial, pleasant, rattling fellow, whose reference to tradesmen is, like the clown's in the pantomime, merely pointing to his heart and saying "Honour!" to whom the commercial world is indebted for its acceptance of their wares, and to see whom we pay our money cheerfully, and laugh as much over his insolvency as over his admirable acting, regarding it merely as a bit of versatility on his part. I hold Mr. Charles Mathews to be one of the best actors that ever stepped on any stage; but when I hear that a peculiar view is to be taken of theatrical professionals, that they are obliged to incur considerable risk, and that their obligations are contracted with that understanding, I hold the doctrine a dangerous one, and cry "Question." Where, more than in many other professions, is the risk? When the proprietors of this journal started their first number and they incur no risk, or would any Insolvent Commissioner have let them off with a similar slight rebuke? When, even, to descend in the social scale, a man starts a new medicine, a new kind of coat, a new carriage—when, for instance, the inventor of the perambulator—that useful and foot-crushing implement—first brought out his idea, did he not incur a risk? It is all very well for the Learned Judge of a Lancaster County Court to talk about the non-appearance of creditors, but we who live in London, and are behind the scenes in these matters, could tell him that opposition was understood to be futile; we could tell him of names in that schedule of carpenters receiving a few shillings a week, whose families were starving in garrets or existing in the union; of ballet dancers working desperately night after night for the sake of a pound or two which they never received, while a large domestic establishment, carriage and horses, and all the appliances of *luxe*, were kept out of their earnings.

There is a story current at which Mr. Gunter would sigh, but which perhaps might bring a passing smile over the "haggard" (vide newspaper accounts) countenance of Mr. Charles Mathews. A lady, who shall be nameless, but whose husband was imprisoned for debt—waiting to appear before the court—was daily in the habit of ordering some ten or twelve shillings worth of ices from a first-rate confectioner, for which ready money was duly paid. The confectioner at last intimated to a friend his determination to discontinue the supply. "But I thought she paid ready money?" said the friend. "So she does," replied the confectioner in a hollow voice—"but they never send back the copper moulds in which the ice goes to them, and which are very valuable!" A valuable wrinkle can be learned from this.

The committee for conducting the Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester are hard at work, and already their labours has produced some fruit—in promises at least. Mr. J. C. Deane, the general manager, has been on a tour among the principal collections of pictures and articles of vertu in Hertfordshire, and has visited Lords Salisbury, Essex, Verulam, and Cowper. Mr. Baker of Bayfordbury, and Sir E. H. Lytton, from all of whom he has had promises of assistance. Mr. Baker of Bayfordbury will send Sir Godfrey Kneller's celebrated thirty-nine portraits of the "Kit-Cat-Club," while some of the treasures of Hatfield House will be contributed by Lord Salisbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are off to Edinburgh and Glasgow on a professional visit, taking with them their young daughter, whose *debut* on the occasion of the Amateur's Pantomime was so promising, and who, it is understood, will adopt the stage as her profession.

The members of the Orchestral Union, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, and accompanied by Pico, the blind Sardinian minstrel, are about to make a provincial tour.

Last week I mentioned the rebuilding of Covent Garden Theatre. The fact is true; but I believe there are great doubts as to whether it will be the future home of the Royal Italian opera. Mr. Gye has, it is said, secured Drury Lane, in the event of being unable to find another place for his troupe.

I am enabled to state positively that the Amateur Pantomime will not again be played in London, though a paragraph to the opposite effect has appeared in some of the newspapers.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## THE MAGAZINES AND SERIALS.

"BLACKWOOD" opens this month with an admirably written article "anent" (as they would say across the Tweed) the "History of England" of Macaulay. While the reviewer fully appreciates the wonderfully graphic and picturesque powers of the author, he certainly seems to me to hit the right nail on the head when he questions whether anyone would pin his or her faith upon Mr. Macaulay's historical accuracy. The volumes published are full of very pretty pen-painting; but so much speculation is built up round one admitted fact, that fact and fiction become too often blended in the recollection of the reader. I am not surprised that at the end of the article we are promised more comments on the manner in which Mr. Macaulay has written of the Highland clans.

"How hard Macaulay pitched into the Highlands! And like their ancestors with General Hawley, How hard the Highlands pitch into Macaulay!"

The "Sketcher Papers" are too aesthetical for general readers. The novel of "The Athelings" progresses well; "A Visit to Selborne" yields some pleasant traces of dear, placid, old Gilbert White, the first who watched the habits of our common rural birds and animals with a view to public instruction; "Sea-Side Studies" not inappropriately follows, for it may well be read by all who at this season of the year seek the sea-side, and who would learn the wonders that lurk beneath their feet at every step upon the beach. "Tinkler among the Thieves," *alias* the "History of a Stolen Dog," is a strange jumble of slang and sentimentality, which I cannot think worthy of the pen of the Learned Member for Midhurst. Aytoun's "Bothwell" receives a large measure of commendation; and the number, which certainly is an interesting one, concludes with an eulogistic article on Lord Dalhousie's Indian administration.

"Fraser" opens with a "Peep into the Principalities," a pleasant, gossiping article about those lands of Hospodars and Protocols. Sir

Archibald Alison meets with rough treatment as regards his style, and I could not help thinking how hard it must be for an author, especially an historian, to please everybody, when in the same month "Blackwood" takes Macaulay to task for a want of truthfulness, and "Fraser" does the same to Alison for errors in writing. There is a terrible story of a monomaniacal doctor, called the "Double House." The opera season and the water cure furnish two more articles, several reviews, some rather mediocre poetry, and a pro-Thurston notice of the past Parliamentary Session, all up a somewhat dull number.

The two articles in the "Dublin University Magazine" which struck me most are those on "Modern English Latin Verse," and on "French Versions of Shakespeare." The first is a curiously careful history of Latin verse-writing in England, the talent for which style of composition the author considers to have much declined; whilst the latter administers a sharp criticism to Madame George Sand for the liberties which she has taken with the text and plot of the Bard of Avon, in her adaptation of "As You Like it." There is also a very pleasant article upon the island of Cyprus.

In "Tait," the veteran Walter Savage Landor comes out in great force. In his "Imaginary Conversations," he traverses another portion of his favourite ground—the philosophy of the ancients; but in his "Dream of Napoleon III." there are truths which I would recommend Englishmen to peruse and ponder on; for one phrase only have I room. The shade of Talleyrand is speaking of the alliance of France and England, and in reference to Turkey remarks, "Constantinople is become a faubourg of Versailles."

"The Train" rattles on with increasing vigour. I must say that Robert Brough has produced this month the most brilliant and effective portion of "Marston Lynch" which has yet appeared. The same writer continues his admirable translations of Victor Hugo's poetry; whilst Geoffrey Turner finds subject for pleasant and mirthful rhymes even in that dry, dusty corner of the Temple, yeelp "Garden Court." Edward Draper's "Taking the Chair" is very amusing, and Bennett's illustrations thereto must be seen to be appreciated. There cannot be two opinions as to their excellence. J. V. Bridgeman has a capital story, entitled, "The Pawnbroker's Ticket." Altogether, the number fully justifies the motto on the wrapper, "Vires acquirit cundo."

The last magazine on my list rejoices in the highly classical name of "Titan," and the subjects treated of therein are numerous and varied. Unfortunately, however, one article in every three is an American reprint, and of the whole not a single one was worth importing.

## A ROMANTIC TRAGEDY AT ROME.

A MIDWIFE, living in the little street called the Via Laurina, had a beautiful daughter, just eighteen years old. This girl was engaged to be married to a mosaic-worker, when the midwife received into her house a young slave girl, aged twenty, of the name of Gatti, who had quarrelled with his relations, and came to take up his abode with her as an ancient friend of his mother. The two young people were soon observed to become more than commonly fond of each other's society, and the mother considered it necessary to request Gatti to find lodgings elsewhere. He left the house, but sought an opportunity, and returned when she was absent. The two lovers talked over their misfortunes, and came to the conclusion, that, since they would not be allowed to live together, they might as well die together; so they each took a cup of poison (prussic acid), having prepared a third cup for the servant-girl, who declared it, a ying she was not thirsty. They then began singing the duet from the "Romeo e Giulietta," when, feeling the effects of the poison, they threw themselves into each other's arms, and in a few minutes expired. The worker in mosaic, upon learning the fate of his lady-love, in a fit of despair threw himself into the Tiber. He was, however, observed by one of the men in the employ of the holders of the Government monopoly of searching the mud of the river for rusty nails, who at once put out a boat and succeeded in dragging the body ashore, where, after the usual restoratives of hanging up the body by the heels to drip, and administration of several cups of "café rumargante" had been applied, the suspected animation was restored.

OUR INDIAN VISITOR.—The Rajah of Rampore has arrived in England. He is a handsome young man, dressed in the customary splendour of Eastern princes. The sword he wears is worth upwards of £1,000. He visits England on account of some dispute with the East India Company. The Queen Dowager and her attendant of the kingdom of Oude, with their numerous retinue, were to have come home in the Euxine; but rain could not be found for them on board that steamer, and they are remaining at Cairo until the next packet. The Queen lost a jewel-case overboard at Suix, which, amongst other valuables, contained a necklace worth £10,000. Divers were endeavouring to fish it up from the Red Sea. She presented Captain Black, of the steamer Bengal, which conveyed her to Suix, with 1,000 rupees, and every other officer of the ship with 500 rupees each. She has with her immense treasures, and is going to contest in the British Parliament, with Lord Dalhousie and the East India Company, the justice of the dethronement of her son. She will arrive in about a fortnight.

REMARKABLE FEAT.—The "singular wager" has often been recorded in newspapers, but we know of no wager so singular as that related by the "Salut Public" of Lyons. It appears that one of the best swimmers of the city made a bet that he would cross the Rhone on his back, carrying on his stomach a small table, on which should be placed two bottles full of wine, six eggs on a plate, and four glasses. The fall of any one of these objects would involve the loss of the wager. The swimmer, however, crossed the river without displacing one of the articles, and won the bet.

HONOURABLE DISTINCTION.—There is one distinction accorded in Russia to distinguished services rendered by privates of the army and navy, or to persons of equally subordinate rank, that seems well calculated to obtain the end that is striven after by ribands and medals distributed to those higher in rank; it is the custom there for the Government to publish and circulate the portraits of such as have deserved well of their country, no matter how low their position in the scale of rank may be.

A GRAND DUKE IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.—The marriage of the Grand Duke Michael will take place, it is said, in the course of the winter. The princess must be first instructed in the Russian-Greek religion, which she is bound to embrace, that change being a sine qua non for any princess who enters the family of Romanoff. A Russian Grand Duke or Grand Duchess can never change his or her religion, such a step being utterly inadmissible according to the Russian church. It appears that the Grand Duke Michael had first applied to the Court of Saxony to obtain the hand of the Princess Soudia, but the Princess positively refused to change her religion. Afterwards, during the Grand Duke's stay at Sans Souci, near Berlin, he saw the Princess Mary of Holland, and he applied to the Emperor Alexander for permission to ask her hand in marriage. The Emperor replied that he should prefer to see his choice fixed on a German princess. It was then that the Princess Cecilia was chosen.

AMICABLE RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA.—During the recent voyage of the "Wa'd Jackson," screw-steamer, to the great maritime capital of Russia, her captain became the hero of an adventure not unworthy of record. A boat carrying two officers put off from the ship of a Russian admiral at Cronstadt, and boarded the merchant steamer. The captain (Weatherley) showed his gallant visitors the respect due to their rank, invited them to his cabin, and before they left him, entertained them in good hospitable style. Nor were the Russian officers to be outdone in courtesy by the hearty British tar, as the sequel discovered. Captain Weatherley and his officers were honoured by being invited to return the visit of their newly acquired naval friends, and did so. Several of the Russian officers spoke English fluently; mutual congratulations on the advent of peace and mutual good wishes on the prospects of the hopeful future were exchanged; and the entire cordial was most cordially and joyously cemented. In the course of conversation, one of the Russian officers, who had inspected the "Ward Jackson," expressed his surprise at the number of guns, and large quantity of powder she had on board, and asked for an explanation of the circumstances. Captain Weatherley, having no plot to conceal, gave the only answer of which the question admitted. "The powder? Oh, to salute our friends, to be sure." "Then," responded the Russian officer, recollecting that they had not been saluted, "are not the Russians friends?" "Ay, friends indeed," replied the captain, "but (seriously) you know it would be quite an insult for a merchantman to fire a salute before an admiral's ship." And so it would. The Russian officer knew that in naval etiquette such a perpetration is unheard of; but he was not to be overdone in civility. Instead of a confirmation of his view of the case, Captain Weatherley received a gentle hint that a salute would be considered the reverse of uncomplimentary. This was the evening before he had to return; and next morning in putting out of the Mole, his crew being, like his ship, in excellent trim, he boldly fired an admiral's salute, and raised the Russian colours to the fore. This was immediately followed by the hoisting of the British ensign by the Russian admiral, and, with still louder ordnance, the full and handsome reciprocation of the suspicious compliment.

THE VINE DISEASE IN THE MOREA.—This disease attacks the current shrubs in the Morea and neighbouring districts in the form of a blight, and, in an incredibly short space of time produces most disastrous effects. The leaves of the plants are now, by order of the Greek Government, daubed over with a coating of sulphur, through which the odium cannot pierce, and which, it is hoped, will restore the trees to their former healthy state.



## THE HERO OF THE REDAN.

GENERAL WINDHAM AT LEAMINGTON.

It is now well nigh twelve months since the whole country was ringing with the name of "the hero of the Redan;" and we believe that, in those places where he is best known, the admiration then excited by his chivalrous conduct has not in any degree abated. We have always been of opinion that no one concerned in the Crimean war passed through its fortunes, battles, and sieges with more credit and honour than General Windham; and, considering that it is the nature of Englishmen to do honour to a man who really does his duty to them, we do not wonder that the gallant hero's reception in this country should be hearty and enthusiastic.

Our readers are perhaps aware, that before going to the Crimea, General Windham was a frequent visitor at Leamington; and it appears that during his absence, his lady, a daughter of the late Sir John Beresford, has been residing in the neighbourhood. To Leamington, accordingly, General Windham repaired on reaching England, and last week the inhabitants entertained him at a public breakfast. A congratulatory address having been presented, General Windham said:—

...rals, killed or wounded; 740 men and officers were killed, out of 2,800; and I, unfortunately, had to write my own despatch, and, perhaps, was fool enough not to make the best of it. However, it is a great loss for an officer to lose a general on such an occasion. It passed on, however, and I went through the siege doing my duty, not having really anything to perform more than other people, until I came to the attack upon the Redan. I should wish you all distinctly to understand, that I was no volunteer for that assault. I was ordered to do it, and I did no more than I was ordered to do. I led the Second Division, but the Light Division led the attack. I have seen constantly in the papers that I absolutely led the whole assault. I did not; and I wish my countrymen to know it. I never was a man that asked for false honours. A brave and gallant man—a Warwickshire man, moreover—seed up with me for the choice of lead. That man was Colonel Unett—the son of old Mr. Unett, of Birmingham. He won the toss, and chose the lead. I have nothing to say but that I had not the choice, and I will even go so far as to say that I do not know that I should have chosen the lead, even if I could. One thing is quite clear, however, that I did not lead it. Colonel Unett was displaced in the morning by General Shirley, who came to take the command of the brigade, and I believe the lead ultimately fell to Major Welsford, of the 97th, and to Colonel Handcock. These gallant officers fell, and though the Light Division that led us went on gallantly, one thing is certain, that if those two officers had not have fallen, the men might have rushed into the battery, and the whole

The most imposing feature of the *cortège* was a body of mounted tenant farmers, in some instances accompanied by their families, who arrived in the course of the morning from all parts of the county to form a voluntary escort to the gallant officer who has so well deserved the honour of his county and of his name.

On arriving at the Guildhall, General Windham alighted, and on the part of the Town Council, presented an address, which was agreed to at a special meeting. A brilliant company assembled for the presentation of the address, to which Gen. Windham made a short reply.

"With regard to the attack on the Redan," said the Gallant General, "I say that I believe, in a military point of view, no one doubted that the attack was too great; but General Simpson had no power to alter the decision when it was decided that the French should attack the Malakoff and the Redan. We had, then, nothing to do but to attack the Redan. We were attacked with good spirit, but from an immense distance. We were an hour, but we were ultimately repulsed. Surely, if we lost any more, having attacked the Redan, and not having carried it, we should have been infinitely more if we had been cowards enough not to make the attack at all. I cannot blame our Commander for having said, 'Although we are not in a proper position to attack the Redan at a distance of 250 yards, it is better to be seen than not to be seen.'"

be said that the army stood by with arms and that the French to take it. If we have lost it, it is, we should have made the attack, though I don't think the hero would have me, I would rather have been killed in the Redan with the Division and the Light Division, above all, that the British should not have had a fair share in the attack on that occasion."

The demonstration concluded by a grand banquet in St. Andrew's Hall. The scene presented in the hall was magnificent. Seven long tables were filled by 600 guests, a large orchestra was supplied by a great number of well-dressed ladies, and another party was accommodated behind the chairman. Mrs. Windham and several of the General's more intimate friends, were among the latter. The pillars supporting the roof were hung with banners and other devices, and the words "Alma," "Balaclava," "Inkermann," "Sebastopol," &c., recalled the glorious scenes through which the guests of the evening had so triumphantly passed.

The Earl of Albemarle presided, and in giving the toast of the evening, presented to General Windham two handsome swords, subscribed for by the inhabitants of the county to mark their admiration for his services. The one was a fighting sword, and the other a holiday sword, and the Noble Lord expressed his hope that for the sake of civilisation and humanity the Gallant Officer might hereafter wield only the dandy weapon. At the same time he expressed his confidence that if her Majesty should again require the services of her army, General Windham would not draw the fighting sword in vain, but would give fresh cause for pride to the inhabitants of the county. The health of the Gallant General was then drunk amid the most enthusiastic cheering, the ladies on the dais also pledging him in champagne.

Gen. Windham, after alluding to his associations with the county, and his long friendship with many then present, said:—

"I well remember an incident on the 18th of June, 1855, when the first attack on the Redan took place, which shows strongly the attachment of Norfolk men to their county. I was not what you would call employed in the attack; I was merely put there in reserve, and I did not run a bit more danger than any of my friends whom I see around me. I was sent at one time by Sir H. Bentineck to find out what was going on, and two or three yards ahead of me I saw a man walking in the trench. A round shot came and scattered the dust all over him. I thought it had killed him, but when the dust subsided I saw an individual reclining in the trench with a countenance presenting a curious admixture of fright and joy. Scratching his head, he said to me, 'Well, dash my buttons, but that was most amazing' nigh!' I said to him, 'Ay, my boy, we had better be digging trenches at threepence a rod in Norfolk than fighting here.' The only reply was an expression of astonishment that I should have discovered his native county. 'What! do you belong to Norfolk?' (The successful manner in which the Gallant General mimicked the Norfolk patois excited bursts of laughter.) Lord Albemarle has been pleased to pay me some very great compliments as chief of the staff. I honestly tell you, as I told the inhabitants of Leamington, that that office was not nearly so difficult as many would be inclined to think. I had, both at headquarters and also in the divisions of the army, a remarkably able lot of young officers to carry out any orders which the Commander-in-Chief issued; and though I know it is the habit, not of the press, but of individuals who are in the habit of writing in the papers, to constantly insinuate that every British staff officer is something next door to a fool, I beg leave to tell you that, in my humble opinion, after a few months' practice, which at the commencement of the war they undoubtedly required, they were just as efficient and just as good as the officers of the French service. I will appeal in support of this remark to the appearance of the two armies at the conclusion of the last winter. The magnificent appearance of the



GENERAL WINDHAM, THE HERO OF THE REDAN.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL, OF LEAMINGTON.)

"I am sure there is nobody at this table who would not have thought I should have been the last man to receive such an address and to have met with such a reception as I have experienced on this occasion. Had my old friend and late commander, Sir George Cathcart, been pointed out as the man to have stood here, to receive the applause of hundreds—(A Voice: Of thousands)—no one would have been surprised. His general character as a soldier, his previous services, were so well known, that nothing would have been more likely; but that I, an humble individual, who has received, certainly, his friendly shake of the hand, and his desire for my advancement, but that of no one else—I say, that perhaps the last man in the whole British army that any one would have selected to be honoured by such a reception would have been myself. There were a vast number of other officers connected with this locality whom one might have supposed to be infinitely more likely than myself to have stood here. There were the Adamsons, the Shirleys—men of my own standing—the Shuckburghs, the Somervilles, and other young men, many of whom, I am sorry to say, it has pleased Providence to remove; but I may thank God for a most remarkable interposition. I landed in the Crimea on the 14th of September, 1854. I was present at Alma, where I had nothing to do. I was present at Balaclava, where I had almost as little to do; and lastly, I came down to the battle of Inkermann, where I had a good deal to do. And I hope that, as I received the approbation of those placed above me, for doing my duty, I did that duty well. The Fourth Division lost all its gene-

thing have been altered; but as no one can control his life, so no officer, however brave, can control a stubborn fight of that kind. Colonel Unett was badly wounded in the attack. He shook hands with me on the ground. After he was drawn 1,500 yards from the Redan, he was struck again through the back with a shell and killed. As far as regards my own business in the assault, I followed close upon the Light Division, entered the battery, did all that I could to get things into a proper form, and I am happy to say that my exertions met with the approval of that respected officer, Sir J. Simpson."

## GENERAL WINDHAM IN NORWICH.

On the 1st inst., General Windham arrived in his native county, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm. At Norwich, business was almost entirely suspended throughout the day, and the whole population of the city thronged the streets through which the procession was to pass, to give a cordial welcome to the Hero of the Redan. At the railway station, General Windham was received by a guard of honour derived from the artillery corps at present stationed in the city, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Hastings, Lord Suffield, the Mayor, several members of the Town Council, and the "reception committee" contributed to give *éclat* to the occasion. Several Crimean officers, who shared with the hero of the day the dangers and glories of the Sebastopol campaign, were also present.

ahead of me I saw a man walking in the trench. A round shot came and scattered the dust all over him. I thought it had killed him, but when the dust subsided I saw an individual reclining in the trench with a countenance presenting a curious admixture of fright and joy. Scratching his head, he said to me, 'Well, dash my buttons, but that was most amazing' nigh!' I said to him, 'Ay, my boy, we had better be digging trenches at threepence a rod in Norfolk than fighting here.' The only reply was an expression of astonishment that I should have discovered his native county. 'What! do you belong to Norfolk?' (The successful manner in which the Gallant General mimicked the Norfolk patois excited bursts of laughter.) Lord Albemarle has been pleased to pay me some very great compliments as chief of the staff. I honestly tell you, as I told the inhabitants of Leamington, that that office was not nearly so difficult as many would be inclined to think. I had, both at headquarters and also in the divisions of the army, a remarkably able lot of young officers to carry out any orders which the Commander-in-Chief issued; and though I know it is the habit, not of the press, but of individuals who are in the habit of writing in the papers, to constantly insinuate that every British staff officer is something next door to a fool, I beg leave to tell you that, in my humble opinion, after a few months' practice, which at the commencement of the war they undoubtedly required, they were just as efficient and just as good as the officers of the French service. I will appeal in support of this remark to the appearance of the two armies at the conclusion of the last winter. The magnificent appearance of the



army, gentlemen, has nothing to do with me. I left the generals of division alone, and it is a remarkably good thing for any young soldier to know that you had better by far let a man do his duty without constantly interfering with him. If I deserve any credit at all, it is because I allowed those who sought to do their duty to do it without interference. I hope there is no officer on the staff who can ever say that I either gave myself airs, gave him a cold shoulder, or refused to listen to what he had to say, and that I did not immediately do all in my power to make what he wanted go smooth and easy. The instant I saw he was inclined to do his duty properly, it did not matter much to me whether he took his own method of doing it or mine, provided it was well done. I believe I should say too much for human nature if I were to say there was no kind of jealousy at my promotion; but I must honestly say that many of those over whose heads I have gone in the Crimea showed me personally no jealousy. One of the best as well as one of the oldest soldiers connected with the army there, Major-General Garrett, who served in the Peninsula when I was in my cradle, and who has been twice wounded, came up to me after my promotion had been announced, threw his arms—not, like a Frenchman, round my neck, but, like an Englishman, round my shoulder, and, patting me on the back, said, 'Well, old fellow, I am charmed at it; they sent you through a devil of a fire, but you did it well, and I should be unworthy of myself if I felt jealous.' That fine old soldier has not yet been promoted, but most anxiously do I hope that both he and many others will be, for I am not one of those who wish merely to get on myself. I wish to do so, of course, but I wish also that others who have done—barring the luck—just as much service as I have, should at the end of this great war, meet with some reward. (Cheers.)

#### AN ITALIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

We confess we have never met Italian dames or damsels—no matter what their rank or degree—without being impressed with the conviction, that in grace, dignity, and all the little acts which please the eye and fascinate the hearts of men, they are not inferior even to the fair daughters of our own free and famous land, in whose veins runs the blood of Norman, Dane, and Anglo-Saxon.



ITALIAN PEASANT WOMAN.—(FROM A PICTURE BY O. OAKLEY, IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE OLD SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.)

Under such circumstances, we are not, of course, surprised that our artists—whose adventurous spirit carries them east, west, north, and south in search of beauty—should ever and anon repair to "the sunny land of love," hallowed as that classic land is by so many associations, to look for subjects worthy of being reproduced by their pencils.

It is, if we mistake not, among the Italian peasantry that women are found, whose qualities render them most worthy of being regarded as genuine representatives of those grand old Roman matrons, who occupy so conspicuous a place in ancient classical literature. Their position, indeed, in the present degraded and unfortunate state of Italy, is one rather calculated to excite melancholy reflections than otherwise; and when the veil is thrown back, and the black eye flashes full into the beholder's heart, and the form arrayed in picturesque costume meets the arrested gaze, the scene recalls too forcibly to the memory of any one with generous sentiments the lines of the noble bard:

"I see their glorious black eyes shine,  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves."

The "peasant woman of Italy," represented on this page, is from a picture by Mr. Oakley, which appeared in the Old Water Colour Exhibition this year, and was highly admired as a work of art.

#### A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONIAL.

THE past war gave rise to few incidents more gratifying than that which we chronicle and illustrate by the subjoined engraving. At the commencement of hostilities, Mr. Blackwood accompanied the Coldstream Guards to the Crimea, in an unofficial capacity, not being attached to the regiment, but going with it out of a love for it and for adventure. Desiring to be of use to the soldiers, he attached himself to the Commissariat, and during the severe winter of 1854-5, and the following spring, he did all in his power to mitigate the trials of the soldiers, and their privations and misery. Mr. Blackwood was found to be eminently the "right man in the right place." His energy never failed, his kindness and unwearied attention to business never slackened, and it is not too much to say, that his gratuitous exertions saved the lives of many of our soldiers, and mitigated the sorrows of others. Soldiers are not ungrateful; and on the return of the Guards to London, the sergeants and privates determined to present him with some mark of their gratitude and esteem. They therefore commissioned Messrs. Hunt and Roskell (late Storr and Mortimer), of Bond Street, to carry out their wishes, and the above is the result. A sergeant of the Coldstream Guards is seen standing at ease, with fixed bayonet, by the side of a drum. He is in the old costume of the corps, in full marching order, and on the black ebony base upon which the silver figure stands is the following grateful inscription:—

"Presented to Stephenson Arthur Blackwood, Esq., by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, with whom he shared the dangers and vicissitudes of the Eastern Campaign 1854-5-6."

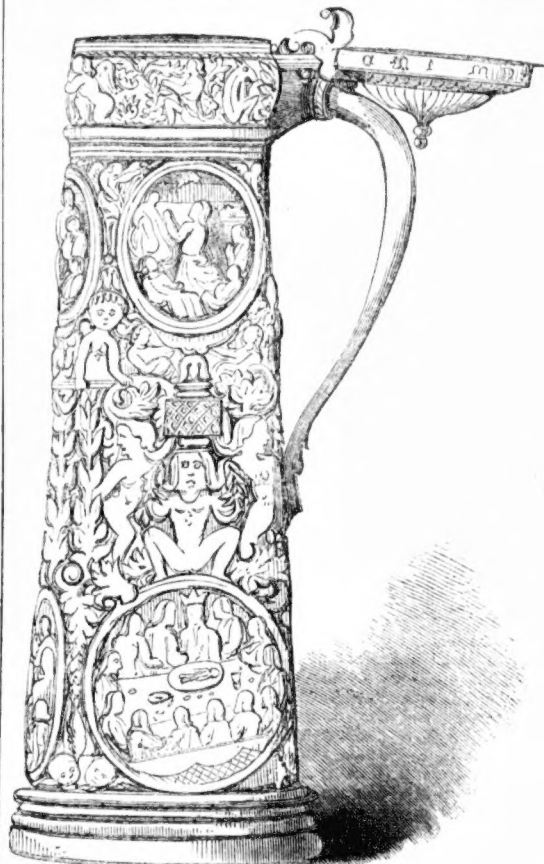
Of all the presentations of plate during this war, we are sure that none has been more graceful than this, and none can have given more pleasure either to the donors or to the receiver. It does honour to all concerned, and, not least, to the designers and producers of this elegant statuette.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO STEPHEN A. BLACKWOOD, ESQ., BY THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES OF THE 1ST BATTALION OF COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Young Luther, who had to contend with all the difficulties which beset a poor scholar, relates that he was forced to beg his bread for support. In 1501, he went to the University of Erfurt, and soon distinguished himself among his fellow-students. After this he travelled to Rome, with others, as representatives of certain religious communities.

At the early age of thirty, he was created a doctor of divinity, and lecturer of the University of Wittenberg. At this time the austerity and regularity of his life caused his opinions to be listened to with much attention. The year 1517 was a remarkable one, not only in the life of Luther, but in the history of Europe. The Pope was making great exertions to raise funds for the rebuilding of St. Peter's at Rome, and commissioned persons in various districts to raise money by the sale of "indulgences." It is said that the dealers in these matters had a very large share of the profits of the business. The right of the Pope to levy such sums was much questioned, and on the eve of All Saints of the above year Luther fixed upon the church next to the Castle of Wittenberg his well-known thesis on indulgences. The subject rapidly increased in importance—the Pope, the Emperor Maximilian, and others of influence taking one side, and Luther, Huss, Melancthon, Erasmus, and a host of earnest men the other. Luther's books were ordered to be burnt; and on the 10th of December, 1520, in retaliation, the reformers and students of Wittenberg burnt the papers which had been published by the Pope. The contest waxed in fierceness, and Pope Leo circulated a bull which was put into execution by Charles V. This caused Luther to shut himself up in the cell, which he afterwards called his Patmos or Hermitage. Although thus closely pent up, he held constant conference with his friends at Wittenberg, and was also busily employed in the composition of books in advocacy of his cause. Luther, however, did not like the close confinement, and occasionally availed himself of some disguise to ramble in the open neighbourhood. On one of these occasions he



MARTIN LUTHER'S TANKARD.

#### CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.—NO. 13. ELABORATELY CARVED TANKARD, FORMERLY BELONGING TO MARTIN LUTHER.

THIS interesting relic of the great Reformer is of ivory, very richly carved, and mounted in silver gilt. There are six medallions on its surface, which consist, however, of a repetition of two subjects. The upper one represents the agony in the garden, and the Saviour praying that the cup might pass from Him; the base represents the Lord's Supper, the centre dish being the incarnation of the bread. This tankard, now in the possession of Lord Londesborough, was formerly in the collection of Elkington of Birmingham, who had some copies of it made. On the lid, in old characters, is the following inscription—"C. M. L., MDXXIII." This drinking vessel, which, independent of its artistic merit, was no doubt highly valued as a mere household possession, brings to mind many recollections of the life of him who raised himself from a very lowly position to one of great power and usefulness.

Martin Luther, who was the son of John Lotter or Lauther (which name our Reformer afterwards changed to Luther) and Margaret Lindeneb, was born in the little town of Islebern, in Saxony, on November 10th, 1483. His father was a miner; it seems, however, that in the course of his life he much improved his condition, and raised himself to a position of some dignity in his native province.



assumed the title and dress of a nobleman; but it may be supposed that he did not act his part very gracefully, for a gentleman who attended him under that character to an inn upon the road, was, it seems, so fearful of discovery, that he thought it necessary to caution him against that absence of mind peculiar to literary men, bidding him keep close to his sword, without taking the least notice of books if any by chance came in his way.

On certain occasions he went out hunting, in which pastime, says Luther, "I felt both pleasure and pain; we killed a brace of hares, and took some unhappy partridges, a very pretty employment truly for an idle man. However, I could not forbear theologising amidst dogs and nets, for thought I to myself, do not we hunting innocent animals to death with dogs very much resemble the devil, who by crafty wiles, and other wicked instruments, is perpetually seeking those whom he may devour?" Tired of confinement, Luther left his castle, and in 1524 he threw off his monastic habit, married Catherine de Bore, a lady of good family, who had formerly been a nun. It will be seen that the date upon the tankard agrees with that of this marriage.

Notwithstanding the objections of many of his friends, this marriage proved a happy one. Luther, writing to Melancthon after the birth of his first child, says:

"My rib, Kiste, sends her compliments to you, and thanks you for the favour of your kind letter. She is very well through God's mercie. She is obedient and complying to me in all things, and more agreeable, I thank God, than I expected; so I would not change my partner for the wealth of Cresus."

The powerful support that was given to Luther, and which enabled him to defy his enemies is, well known. He died in 1546, and princes, earls, nobles, and students without number, attended the funeral of the miser's son in the church of Isleborn. On this occasion, Melancthon delivered the funeral oration. What a capital subject this scene would make for a picture.

## OPERAS, CONCERTS, AND NEW MUSIC.

BOTH the Operas have now closed, or will have closed ere this article is published. At her Majesty's Theatre, Alboni, Albertini, Piccolomini, and Wagner have appeared for the last time this season, and Mademoiselle Wagner has, in our opinion, appeared for the last time in England. If her debut had not been heralded by so much injudicious praise, she would no doubt have produced a more favourable impression on her first appearance; for she may have two distinct registers, she may have no medium notes, she may even err by laying undue stress on parts to the detriment of the whole of a musical idea, but she is, for all that, a superior woman and a great artist, both in conception and execution. Let us suppose, too, that she had had anything like a fair chance given her at her Majesty's Theatre, that she had been allowed to sing to an audience which was not packed, as we maintain every audience was on the night when it was her misfortune to appear, and consider what the result would have been. Let us even suppose that she had had the advantage of being supported by a tenor who was about equal to the tenors we have been in the habit of hearing in former years at her Majesty's Theatre, and by a soprano who was capable of singing some sort of music, either Italian or German, florid or cantabile, and how very different would have been her success! As it was, Mademoiselle Wagner was not only not supported, but she was absolutely crushed; crushed in the first place by the badness of the singers with whom she was condemned to appear, and in the second by the exaggerated, or rather the unwarranted, applause bestowed upon them, which thus rendered any mark of approbation bestowed upon herself comparatively valueless. Where would be the compliment of praising a writer for his admirable style, if an equal, or indeed a greater amount of praise, was bestowed upon one whose very etymology was defective? Mademoiselle Wagner has really been placed in a similar position to the one we have supposed. When she was not supported by Herr Reichardt, and Miss, Mademoiselle, or Fraulein Baur, she was supported by Madame Amadei and Mr., Monsieur, or Signor Carlo Braham; that is to say, that in every case instead of support she had weight. In spite of this, if she had been suffered to appear before an audience composed of the natural elements of an audience; in other words, before an unpacked, and, for the most part, a paying audience; if, above all, she had appeared before a frigid audience—such as that of the Lyceum, she would at all events have been able to meet with the natural reward of her immense superiority over all the singers who have ever performed in the same opera with herself, and perhaps to have melted the frigidity into enthusiasm. The readiness with which some of Mademoiselle Wagner's "supporters" accepted encores has been noticed by every one; the clapping together of three pairs of hands in the pit, and two or three more in the boxes, was interpreted into a demand for repetition. This appears not only to have struck Mademoiselle Wagner, but to have made her determine to show how little she appreciated such a compliment. Accordingly, on the night of her benefit, when "Tancredi" was given, she contented herself with singing *Di tanti palpiti* very exquisitely, and declined the (in this case) hearty encore with politeness, but at the same time with evident resolution. This proved to us that she was not wanting in that self-respect which should be the characteristic of all great artists, and which wherever art is concerned is generally found to be so. Owing chiefly to the reasons above stated, the Wagner performances were so little attractive, that when the words "Last Appearance of Mademoiselle Wagner" appeared on the bill, it was difficult to say whether this was to be considered as an advantage or as a thing to be regretted.

If we have doubts, and more than doubts, as to what the success of Wagner has done, there can be none whatever about that of Piccolomini. Wagner made some half-dozen appearances. "Lucrezia Borgia" (admirably as the character of Lucrezia was played) was only given once, and was nevertheless pronounced a great success by the papers which habitually support Mr. Lumley. "I Montecchi" was performed twice or three times, we forget which; this was also pronounced a success. Finally, "Tancredi" was produced, and had the extraordinary run of two nights. This formed the third success; and, naturally enough, in the opinion of many persons, these three successes constituted a failure. With Piccolomini, the case has been far different. "La Traviata" is almost a worthless opera, scarcely as bad as "I Montecchi," as has been rashly asserted to be the case, for that would be almost impossible, but still quite bad enough to meet with the most marked failure, in case of the principal character being represented in any but a first-rate manner. If Mlle. Piccolomini had appeared in no opera but this, she would still have achieved an enormous success; indeed, her Maria in the "Figlia del Reggimento" has obtained a reputation for her which is quite secondary to that which she gained by her performance of Violetta. However, the "Figlia" was a most successful impersonation, and the same may be said of her Norina in "Don Pasquale." "Don Pasquale" is not the prettiest, but it is certainly the most comic, of Don zetti's comic operas. It is far from being equal to the "Elisir d'Amore," but in its way it is highly dramatic; and besides one pleasing and one charming sentimental melody ("Bella siccome un Angelo" and "Come il gentil"), it contains some very brilliant airs for the soprano, an admirably written duet for the soprano and tenor, and some excellent specimens of that conversational music in which Donizetti excels. The subject of the opera is by no means new. It bears a strong resemblance to Melus's "Irate," and to that of innumerable comedies of the old Italian stage, in which modifications of the four characters of the pantomime occur, in which there is a man to be bullied, a man to bully him, a lady to be married, and a lover to marry her. Mademoiselle Piccolomini, as Norina, displayed considerable vivacity; but even if the duration of the season had admitted of it, she would not, we think, have played it so often as that of Violetta, or even that of Maria. The fact is, the opera of "Don Pasquale" does not depend on Norina, as "La Traviata" does almost entirely on that of Violetta. Besides a good tenor, who is quite indispensable (and we must acknowledge that Signor Calzolari filled the part in a most satisfactory manner), a bass of first-rate comic power is required for Don Pasquale himself, especially when we have seen Lablache in the character; while a very efficient representation is also required for Dr. Malatesta. We do not think Mademoiselle Piccolomini alone could ever make Don Pasquale a very popular opera, now that its attraction of novelty has disappeared. Although the last night of the subscription took place on Saturday, three extra performances have been given in the course of the week, consisting each night of one of Picco-

lomini's operas and the ballet of the "Corsaire," in which Madame Rosati has achieved so great a triumph.

Altogether, Mr. Lumley may be said to have depended on Wagner, Piccolomini, and Rosati. The two latter have, at all events, not failed him. At the Lyceum Theatre we have certainly not had much in the way of novelty—if we except the theatre itself, we have merely had excellence continued. We have missed those admirable performances of the "Huguenots," the "Etoile du Nord," and other "grand" operas which formed the great attraction of Covent Garden; but we have had delightful performances of the lighter operas, such as the "Elisir," "Comte d'Orly," and the "Barbier." The singing of Mario and Bosio has been the great vocal attraction, and the most popular composer has been Verdi with "Rigoletto," and above all the "Provatore."

Now that the season is over, some interest may be felt as to the movements of the singers who have formed its principal attractions.

The Emperor of Russia, who, in a musical sense, is now more the enemy of England and France than when we were at war with him, has secured the services of Madame Bosio, Signors Calzolari, Tagliafico, and Lablache, and Mlle. Cerito. Piccolomini, after a tour in the provinces, goes to the Italian Opera in Paris, where Madame Fiorentini and Signors Gardoni, Graziani, and Beneventano, are also engaged. England will still retain Gristi, Mario, and Alboni, who, with Mesdames Gassier and Clara Novello, Herr Formes, Signor Salvini, M. Gassier, and Sims Reeves, will appear in various parts of the country, under the direction of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, who have also engaged Pico and Battesini. This admirable company will visit Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, and Shrewsbury, and in the middle of September will appear at Dublin with the further support of Madame Amadei, Signor Fortini, &c.

Poor Johanna Wagner has already returned to Berlin, whence she will wish she had never set out, if she attaches any value either to English reputation, or to that English gold which her father esteemed so highly.

Signor Mario is said to have been offered \$50,000 francs for an engagement of four months at Paris; he, however, preferred treating with Mr. Beale, who announces his intention to give in the concert-room the music of entire operas, executed by the eminent artists we have named, and with the assistance of a full band and chorus.

In the way of new music, we must mention among the dance-music which has reached us, the "Dauphin Polka," by Louisa Newcombe, which is said to be the work of a very promising pianist, and which is pretty and calculated to become popular. "Little Dorrie's Vigil," by the composer of "Little Nell" (George Linley), is a simple melody which is sure to please those numerous persons who admire that composer's music. Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam's Album demands a longer notice than we are able to give it at present.

## LAW AND CRIME.

MR. CHARLES ROWLEY PLATT, an officer in the army, has been charged at Brighton with an assault under the following circumstances. He had recently married an actress, and thereby appears to have given offence to the genteel and serious inhabitants of that genteel and serious town. One of these, a surgeon named Lawrence, appears to have indulged in insinuations (or worse) against the reputation of the bride. Hereupon Mr. Platt called on Mr. Lawrence for an explanation, and received the pleasing information that, from hearsay, the lady was believed not to be the most immaculate person. The indignant husband announced his conjugal position and demanded satisfaction, which Mr. Lawrence, who appears to have offered no apology, refused to accord. Mr. Platt then attacked the surgeon with a horse-whip, and cut his hand therewith. He is committed for trial. By all canons of honour and good manners, Mr. Platt committed an assault about as justifiable as an assault can well be. When a gentleman marries, no matter what his wife's antecedents may have been, the tongue of scandal should be tied. A gentleman's wife becomes *ipso facto* respectable, and he her champion. The marriage is a contract affecting only the parties, and if the husband be content, no one else has the slightest business to interfere, especially by aspersion, which is the meanest and cruelest of all interference. But perhaps this principle does not form the rule in genteel and serious localities, and Mr. Platt may be punished for acting like a man of spirit—at Brighton.

Long reports have appeared in the daily papers respecting a charge of shameful impropriety in the Regent's Park, preferred against a gentleman of property. Upon the charge itself we say nothing, but surely some means should be adopted to exclude from the most universally read class of our literature detailed statements of circumstances the mere publication of which is in itself an offence against decency. Such cases can only be pleasant to those possessing the same morbid and unenviable tastes which prompt the commission of similar offences. Moreover, the publication of the name of the party charged, should he, as not unfrequently happens, prove to be perfectly innocent, is a fearful degradation. There is scarcely a magistrate in the metropolis who has not investigated cases of the kind upon apparently the clearest evidence, which afterwards proved to be entirely erroneous or fictitious.

Mr. Yardley, of the Thames Police Court, appears to have been in a most benignant mood while adjudging John Hutchinson, for an outrage about as brutal and cowardly as may be conceived. John is described as of coarse and dissipated appearance, and in a festive moment seized an unoffending boy of seven by the hand and foot and flung him into the road, thereby inflicting a severe cut on the head, an inch in length. Mr. Yardley inquired whether it was an accident, a question which appeared certainly superfluous, and met with the obvious answer. Mr. Yardley said this was very sad indeed. He had the power to sentence prisoner to hard labour for a long period. He added that he could not say this was an accident (which was as perfect a truism as if he had said it was not an erysipelas or an earthquake), but hoped the prisoner had no malicious disposition towards the child, whereupon the prisoner, catching the cue, said he had not; truly enough, his malice being against mankind in general—a temper which we recollect as recognised in Blackstone. Mr. Yardley finding on inquiry that the prisoner was drunk at the commission of the offence, fined him forty shillings, giving a hint of mitigation if the prisoner would give something for the boy. This the prisoner, now in his sober state, sullenly refused. Perhaps he argued, "Better pay two pound, and ha' done with it." So he paid the two pounds, and now John Hutchinson may go on again.

A well known phase of English society—so well known, indeed, that it has been exhausted by our novelists and dramatic writers—has been again brought before the public. An elderly gentleman sinking into imbecility, was advised "by medical direction" to abstain from the excitement of interviews with his family. The ruling spirit of his domestic establishment was a female menial, who had taken out a game certificate, injured her hand while out shooting, and is described as profusely adorned with jewellery. Just the sort of young person, in fact, that an elderly gentleman, in the extreme sense of the adjective, would select as an exclusive nurse. His daughter seeks an interview, and being repulsed by the sportive female, still persists, whereupon the "ministering angel" calls two other servants to her aid, and thrashes the unwelcome visitor. The assailants are condemned to various terms of imprisonment, and during their incarceration the elderly gentleman will have an opportunity of reconsidering his testamentary views.

The "Times" has commented severely upon the verdict of a Scotch jury, which awarded £400 damages to a Mr. McLaren for certain lampoons published in the "Scotsman" newspaper. It does not follow that the "Times" is in the right; some slight fellow-feeling must be allowed for in its advocacy. Out of the arena of journalistic and political tourney, those who respect in the highest degree the liberty of the press are precisely those who most regret, and who would most severely punish, a flagrant violation of the laws of literary manners. The articles in the "Scotsman" were not fair, as adverse criticisms upon a political opponent. They were strong and powerful only in the sense in which those adjectives are commonly applied to other articles in bad odour. They were made up of coarse, abusive personalities, destitute of wit, and obviously exaggerated to the utmost limit. If the Press wishes to be respected, the Press must primarily respect itself, and not suffer a just antagonism to

degenerate into vulgar rancour. It may be that the bad language of the "Scotsman" did not injure the pursuer (as our northern friends not infrequently style a plaintiff) to the extent of four hundred pounds—it may even be, that in the mind of any sensible person, with a proper feeling of social and political amenities, they could only degrade the writer. Yet the amount of damages in a case of libel is to a great extent penal, as the Scotch jury evidently considered it. They punished the publisher for employing writers whose recommendation was not talent but ferocity. The Lord Justice Clerk, in summing up, replied ably to the appeal of the defendant's counsel to the jury, against fettering the liberty of the Press. His Lordship told them that their verdict would only affect this particular case, and that the liberty of the press would always be safe in a jury's hands. It was alleged that Mr. McLaren had himself employed strong terms in designating his own opponents, but this was not allowed to be put in evidence, and for an excellent reason. If the other side had equal cause to complain, it had similar legal means of redress. But in British law as in English proverb, two wrongs do not make a right.

In the case of the murder of the infant at Bodmin by the reputed father, who, after vainly attempting to suffocate it by thrusting his finger down its throat in the presence of its mother and another woman, drew water into a pan, and held the child's head therein until death ensued, the jury, having some disinclination to believe the evidence of the mother in such a case, and not liking to find the prisoner guilty on the one hand or acquit him on the other, found him guilty of manslaughter, and thereby upheld the high reputation for acumen in judicial matters which has already rendered Cornish juries famous.

**SUSPECTED MURDER.**—A few days since a dead body, bearing marks of violence, was found in a ditch near Queenborough. An inquest was held at Sheerness on Saturday. It was proved that deceased had, on Wednesday week, arrived in Sheerness by the London steampacket. He hired a waterman to row him about the river for an hour in the afternoon, and for a similar time in the evening. Deceased then proceeded for a walk along Queenborough Wall, and was not seen alive afterwards. When deceased's body was first found, two large rough stones, which had no doubt been taken from the sea-facing of the wall, were lying on the upper side of the body. Deceased informed the man who had been rowing him about the harbour that he was in the service of a judge, and had left his place unknown to his employer. He stated that the sea air had done him a great deal of good, and on his leaving him to proceed along Queenborough Wall he engaged him to take him out in his boat the following day. He appeared an intelligent young man. He was at the time sober. He drank nothing but ginger-beer, and appeared in very good spirits. He further stated that his previous employer was the gentleman who personally commenced to break up the street paving in the High Street, Canterbury, for laying down the lines of rail at the time the city authorities forbade the railway company to disturb the street paving. If publicity were given to these circumstances, the coroner and jury were of opinion it might lead to the identity of the unfortunate man.

**MANSLAUGHTER.—EXTRAORDINARY ARREST.**—On Friday week an inquest was held by the Coroner for East Surrey, on the body of Mr. John William Adams, a traveller, in the employ of Mr. Fleet, soda-water manufacturer, when the evidence tended to show that the death had been caused by his being struck under the ear by a Mr. Frederick Fisher, employed in the same establishment. A verdict of "Manslaughter" was returned against Fisher, who was in the court at the time, but when his name was called by the Coroner, it was found that he had suddenly disappeared. The warrant for his commitment to Newgate was then placed in the hands of the Coroner's officer, for execution. The funeral of the unfortunate deceased took place on Monday, and from some information he received, the officer proceeded to North Street, East Lane, where the mourning coaches were waiting, and on opening the door of one of them he saw Fisher. Mr. Cocke was about to arrest the accused, but he begged so earnestly to be allowed to attend the funeral at old Deptford Churchyard, that the former consented, but also got into the coach and accompanied his prisoner. After the funeral ceremony, at the officer's request, Fisher immediately took off the mourning cloak and band, entered the cab, which was waiting, and was conveyed to Horsemen Lane Jail. The whole of the proceedings connected with the arrest were carried out in such a manner that not the slightest disturbance took place. Fisher was deeply affected, and evidently felt most acutely the position in which he was placed—the deceased and he having known each other for several years.

**THE CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED CHILD MURDER AGAINST A CLERGYMAN.**—At the Warwickshire assizes, the Rev. Patrick King, aged thirty-seven, curate of Aston, was indicted for having, on the 30th of May last, endeavoured to drown and suffocate Arthur Dawson, with intent feloniously to kill and murder him. While the witnesses were being examined, Mr. Justice Cresswell stopped the case, saying that he did not think the intention to murder by drowning was clearly made out, and he would leave it to the jury to say whether they would go on with the case as it stood, or whether they would find the prisoner not guilty on the first count of the indictment. The prisoner then pleaded guilty to the third count of the indictment; and, after taking time to consider his judgment, his Lordship sentenced Mr. King to six months' imprisonment.

**A MAN STABBED BY HIS WIFE.**—About ten o'clock on Sunday evening a man was taken into King's College Hospital, severely bleeding from two wounds in the head, which had been inflicted by his wife. It appears that the parties, who reside in a court abutting on Clare Market, were drinking with some friends, when a dispute arising between the husband and wife, the latter seized a large table knife, and stabbed him twice in the temple before she was restrained.

## POLICE.

**A LADY IN THE CASE.**—At the Brighton Borough Bench, on Friday week, Charles Rowley Platt, an officer in the army, was charged with a violent assault on Mr. John Lawrence, surgeon, an old and highly respected inhabitant of the town. Mr. Lawrence deposed that about one o'clock on Thursday he was visiting a patient in Marlborough Place, when he received a message by his coachman, in consequence of which he went home and found the defendant in his parlour. He begged him to be seated, and defendant said, "I believe you are very intimately acquainted with Judge Platt; I believe particularly so." Witness replied, "Yes, for the last five and twenty years." Defendant said, "You are aware that there has been a wedding in the Platt family?" He said, "Yes, I am, and Judge Platt and family were very much annoyed at it, especially as the wedding appeared in the 'Times,' intimating that it was Judge Platt's son, and not Mr. Samuel Platt." Witness then said to him, "I think you are a Platt by your face." He forgot what reply defendant made, but afterwards he said, "Did you say anything to Lady Platt about the lady who was married?" The witness replied, "No, not to my recollection; but in conversation with her, perhaps I might have said something in reference to the on dit of the town of Brighton, but I know nothing wrong of my own knowledge." The defendant then said, "What do you think of that lady?" He replied, "From hearsay, I believe that she is not the most immaculate person." Defendant then said, "That's my wife," and became excited, and insisted on his giving him satisfaction. He said he should do so such thing, and they walked out of the house together, defendant continuing in a very excited state. Witness's carriage was at the door, and he put his hand upon it to get in, when defendant said, "You are a scoundrel, and I insist upon your giving me satisfaction;" and at the same time struck at him with the whip produced over the shoulder. Defendant then turned the whip and struck him three or four blows with the butt end on his hand and hat. None of them hurt him much except the blow or blows on his hand. It was the left hand, and the blows had injured the fore and middle fingers, which were cut, and the joints of both hurt.

The defendant, in reply to the charge, said: I wish to say that, in consequence of the remark which Mr. Lawrence made to me, that from what he had heard he had reason to believe that my wife was not immaculate, and on his refusing to give me the satisfaction I demanded of him, I felt that there was nothing but to take the law in my own hands, irritated as I was by such a scandal.

The prisoner was committed for trial, but was admitted to bail, himself in £50, and three sureties jointly in £100.

The lady in question is said to be Miss Louisa Howard, a very charming actress, who, for a considerable period, sustained the principal female rôles at the Brighton Theatre, and who subsequently went to America.

**GAMBLING AND EMBEZZLEMENT.**—Bernard Murphy, aged 51, was charged with feloniously embezzling the three sums of £7 10s., £11 3s., and £5 5s., from his employers, Pratt and Seall, of Islington; and also for stealing two cheques for the payment of £82 6s. 3d. and £7 7s. 6d. He pleaded guilty on arraignment, and urged to the Court that the cheque for £82 odd was abstracted from him by a person he took to be a friend. He afterwards got £50 back, and that he paid over to his masters. He did not prosecute his "friend," and for this good reason, that he absconded; but, unfortunately, he thought of gambling as a means of replacing the money of his master, which he had appropriated, and, in desperate madness, he rushed to dice, the result being that he got still more involved, and he had to use more of the money to make good what he lost. He had very low wages—twenty-five shillings per week; while his wife and a child were ill, and he had to keep a house; and these were the reasons why he had used the money, in small sums—not the sums of £200, which he had been in the habit of receiving and faithfully accounting for. He had lived and dressed meanly and poorly, and he had it tended not to rob his master, but to replace the money.

The Magistrate said the prisoner had not mended his case by admitting that he had used his masters' money for the purpose of going to the gambling-table. He should sentence him to twelve months' hard labour.



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